Saturday Review

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RECORDINGS

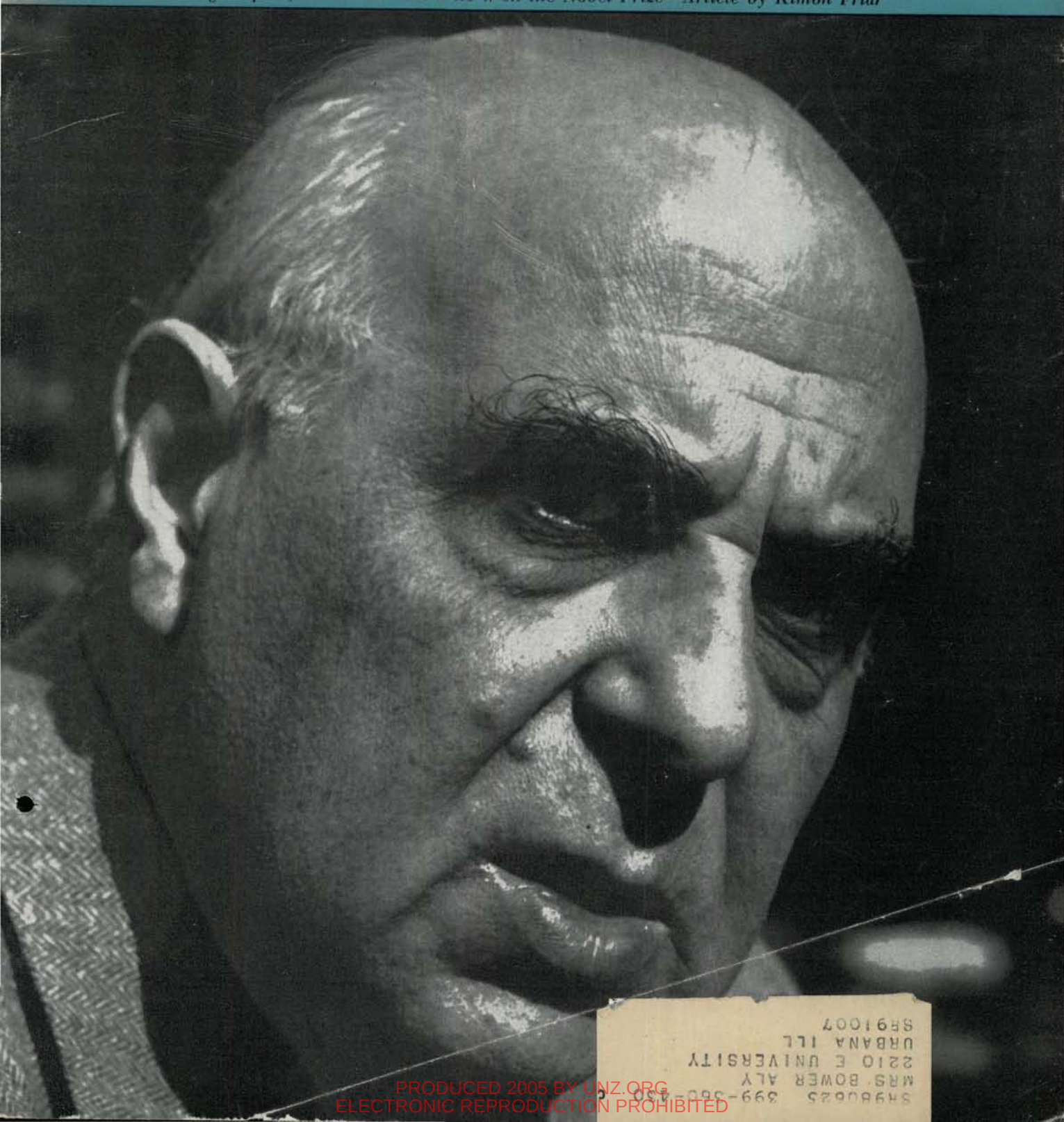
THE FALL OPERA RECORDINGS

Reviewed by

Robert Lawrence • Martin Bernheimer

November 30, 1963 25¢

George Seferis, the Greek Poet Who Won the Nobel Prize—Article by Kimon Friar



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PROGRAM for the Holiday Season

Origin of a Festival
Historical view of the holiday season.
December 1 (10:30-11 AM)

An Artist's View
Poetry and art in celebration of Christmas.
December 8 (10:30-11 AM)

The Five Sons
Contemporary Hanukkah drama by Howard Fast.
December 8 (1:30-2 PM)

Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol
"Mr. Magoo" portrays Ebenezer Scrooge.
December 13 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Redemption
A Hanukkah oratorio.
December 15 (10-10:30 AM)

The Spirit of Rebirth
Negro spirituals for Christmas.
December 15 (10:30-11 AM)

A Cry of Angels
A drama of Handel and the writing of *The Messiah*.
December 15 (4-5 PM)

Colonial Christmas
From Williamsburg, Va.
December 22 (12:30-1 PM)

The Coming of Christ
The Nativity in art.
December 22 (7-7:30 PM)

Christmas Eve Services
11:15 PM: The Cathedral of St. John the Divine.
Midnight: St. Patrick's Cathedral; National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception; First Congregational Church (Washington, D.C.)

Christmas Day Service
11 AM: Washington National Cathedral.

A Danish Fairy Tale
Life story of Hans Christian Andersen.
December 25 (7:30-8:00 PM)

Amahl and the Night Visitors
December 25 (9-10 PM)

The Holidays Come Home to You...on Television

Once again the message and meaning, the spirit of the holiday season will go out to millions of Americans through television. Art and music and drama, fantasy and history and religious faith are found among the holiday specials listed above. Other programs of special interest reflect the growing diversity of public taste and of television's offerings. Why not make your December viewing plans now?

Other Programs of Special Interest in December

Visit to London
A child's eye view of London town.
Sunday, December 1 (12:30-1 PM)

Obratsov Russian Puppet Theater
Sunday, December 1 (8-9 PM)

An American Jester
The itinerant platform humorist.
Wednesday, December 4 (7:30-8 PM)

Victory at Sea
Richard Salomon's documentary epic.
Saturday, December 7 (7:30-9 PM)

We Shall Be Heard
Pre-Emancipation Negro writings.
Sunday, December 8 (1-1:30 PM)

1776
Launching of the American Revolution.
Sunday, December 8 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Cuba: The Bay of Pigs
Analysis of a foreign policy failure.
Sunday, December 8 (10-11 PM)

The Soviet Woman
Tuesday, December 10 (10-11 PM)

The Man Who Stole New York City
"Boss" Tweed: a study in corruption.
Friday, December 13 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Lorenzo de Medici
Survey of the Italian Renaissance.
Saturday, December 14 (1-2 PM)

Of Sights and Sounds
A child's introduction to the orchestra.
Sunday, December 15 (3-4 PM)

Too Young to Hate
Cultural interchange among 11-year-olds.
Sunday, December 22 (6-6:30 PM)

Young Performers
Bernstein and N. Y. Philharmonic feature performances by promising young soloists.
Monday, December 23 (7:30-8:30 PM)

1492
Birth of the Modern West
Sunday, December 29 (5-6 PM)

Projection '64
News outlook for the year ahead.
Sunday, December 29 (10-11 PM)

* * *

Regularly scheduled programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/Chronicle

Fridays: The Great Adventure

Saturdays: Do You Know?/Exploring/ Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Camera Three/ Discovery '63/Face the Nation/Issues and Answers/NBC News Encore/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color/ ABC News Reports

NOTE: Times (EST), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Television Information Office
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(Advertisement)

I suppose that one of the attractions in being near a great man is that one is apt to encounter other great men. This is certainly the case with Igor Stravinsky, who seems likely to encounter fascinating figures from a number of the arts no matter where he happens to be.

Fortunately for us, Stravinsky is nearly always accompanied by his protege, the talented American conductor, Robert Craft, who is blessed with a considerable literary gift and a nearly photographic memory.

Together, Stravinsky and Craft have previously written three books of dialogues, in which the great composer discusses nearly everything under the sun, but always with great wit and bite. Now, the two have written a fourth volume, "Dialogues and a Diary," which must rank as one of the most stimulating books of 1963.

The book is in two main parts, as indicated by the title. The dialogues cover music, of course, and musicians, with digressions on philosophy, writers, and living itself (Stravinsky, it is safe to say, has not wasted a day of his more than 80 years). The diary contains Craft's account of the several extended trips he has made with the Stravinskys since 1951, and everywhere they went, people like W. H. Auden, Khatchaturian, St. John Perse and many, many others participated in some of the most sparkling conversations ever recorded.

"Dialogues and a Diary" makes a perfect Christmas present for a musical friend, and a present that's almost equally ideal for someone who is tone-deaf: the only requirement for reading this book is an admiration for life itself.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Dialogues and a Diary ($4.95) by Robert Craft is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies are available at your local bookseller or from any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, three of which are located on Fifth Avenue in New York, at 39th, 52nd, and 57th Streets.

Saturday Review

November 30, 1963

Cover photo by K. Theocharis-N. Tsikoura

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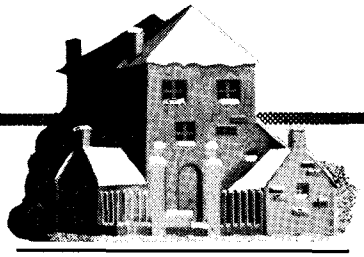

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Edited by Martin Levin

Moment of Terror

Although I am a bourgeois,
A middle-classnic to the hilt,
I am a radical Pooh-bah
Preparing for the final tilt.

Yet moments come when I grow wary.
Amidst parading and the hooplah
I ask: Am I a revolutionary
Because I am a bourgeois?

—BRYLLION FAGIN.

Confessions of a Blade Wiper

NO one can say I don't try to cooperate.

In hallways, I walk, don't run. On the subway, I don't smoke, carry lighted matches, spit, or ride between cars. To make sure I keep my hands off the doors, I keep them in my pockets. Never in my life have I created a nuisance or an insanitary condition.

I cross at the green, not in between. I don't drive, much less park. I neither litter nor loiter. I post no bills, and I don't play handball where I'm not wanted. I keep off all grass, so naturally I don't pick flowers or start forest fires. I don't try to gain admittance where there is none. I keep out, stand clear.

I don't fold, mutilate, or spindle machine-processed checks. In fact, I smashed my spindle long ago. When I use paper towels I rub, don't blot. This took lots of practice, because I'm a natural-born blotter.

It was only when They started throwing prohibitions at me in my own bathroom that I grew restive. I didn't mind keeping my shaving cream from freezing, but every so often, when I had an empty can, I got this terrible urge to puncture or incinerate it. Recently, I stood in front of the incinerator for fully ten minutes with an empty shaving cream can in one hand and an ice pick in the other, staring at the injunctions on the can and over the incinerator. My conscience won. I incinerated the ice pick and carried the can back to the bathroom, where I stacked it in the tub, together with the twenty-four other empties I don't know how to get rid of. I've been able to take only showers for the last year.

Nerves of Stainless Steel

This morning I disobeyed Them at last. I was all excited about trying out these new stainless steel razor blades. I didn't get a bad shave either, so I was feeling pretty good, sort of romping around, playfully clutching at shaving cream nozzles with my toes, when I saw the words on the box: NOTICE: DO NOT WIPE BLADE.

That did it! I've been wiping my blades since I shaved the first hairs over my lip. I helped my father wipe *his* blades before that. I'd rather go to jail than keep a wet blade in any razor of mine overnight. I gave it a good, vigorous wipe. I felt a lifetime of repressions slip instantly from me. I stood straight and tall for the first time in years.

My thumb is still bleeding, but I don't give a rap. —LOU D'ANGELO.

New Novel by C. P. Sleet

A BRITTLE hydrangea branch pushed by a gust of February rubbed on the leaded window of my cozy bachelor quarters. In the 400-year-old grate, red coals stood like miniature Himalayas in a dying sunset.

"Life," I mused at my sister-in-law-to-be.

"Please, that reminds me of Time."

I knew then her youth was only make-up deep.

Later, when I saw her out into the February night, I could see a sconce light burning in Sir Lintel's quarters. "Unlucky devil" passed through my mind.

A go at Brahms on my recorder afforded no surcease. Toward morning I heard the coals falling in the grate. It was an omen.

"Science," I said to S. Herman Threlkeld, prime mover in Project X on Upper Downs, over a spot of brandy in the tire repair room of a petrol station, "has performed the incredible miracle of pushing the life span from twenty-five years to sixty-five years."

He eyed me over the rim of his collapsible, aluminum, crest-bearing libation cup, his clam-colored eye full of wisdom and compassion.

"Of course, you know it is about to perform an even greater miracle—to permit people not to be born at all."

I heard the hydraulic grease rack

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sigh to the end of its thrust and knew.

A fortnight later at Lord Chrystomathy's I maneuvered so as to be near Vice Admiral G. D. H. Dabney and Sir Cyril Gaunt. Their discussion was low but spirited.

"The blighter was a Rightist prior to the Leftist push. Now in dead Center," I heard the Vice Admiral say of a mutual friend.

I moved unseen into the garden. It was early March. A cirrocumulus cloud in the shape of a collapsed Roman numeral V scudded past the moon.

How much an overheard remark explains! Here was the key to the plodding, ethicless police-mind of X; the tortured, groping, weighing mind of Y; the regimented, antlike activities of the engineers; the martyr-traitor scientists explained in a flash!

I found myself ruminating on the edge of a superbly tended tarn. The crushed sedge sent up a fetid, memory-awakening odor. I now saw what I had failed to see but now knew that it was the failing that had enabled me to see, now.

On a rainy spring day I found myself depressed in Soho so I dropped into a dimly lit pub. It was full of odors and sounds. An old acquaintance of mine with a sallow complexion and from a Red Brick college was going on loudly about something. All I could make out

was a bit of maundering about Western civilization, Western man, and ethics. It was all so depressing and the rain having stopped and that appointment with that tooth chap.

As I left the pub I sidestepped a puddle but not before I had seen my reflection in it.

It was a hot, sullen, storm-threatened July night. The coals in the fireplace seemed loath to burn. A bomb whistled and fell and exploded halfheartedly a block away. The stopper in a claret decanter fell somewhere.

Like a rising full moon it came into my mind; just because you are lonely and mortal doesn't mean you can't be sociable.

Staggering under my discovery, I found my walking stick and stepped out into the social night.

It felt good, I told myself.

—J. Joseph Leonard.

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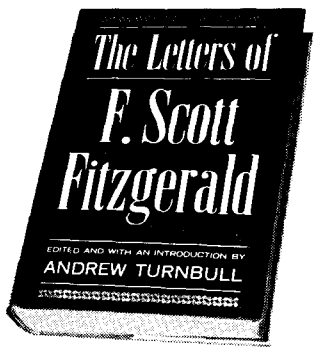

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"Wonderfully open, eloquent, and touching... What shines through them all is his dogged devotion to his craft and to his friends." —*Time*

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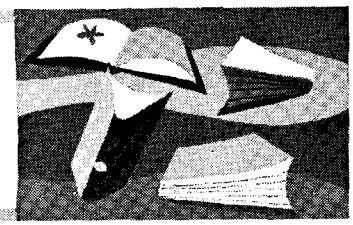

There has been noted in this column, to the dismay of some and the anguish of others, a form of wit that might be called the Switcheroo. It is a disease that constantly afflicts human nature, and the volume of mail we've received on the subject seems to indicate that it can never be removed from this best of all possible worlds.

Conscientious at trying to rid the world of such agony, we have done everything possible to discourage people everywhere from indulging in the Switcheroo. Our efforts have been, to say the least, futile. Under such conditions, we can only surrender for the moment and let the inevitable take over.

For instance, reader George P. Schmidt doesn't hesitate to circulate the story of the biologist who boasted of changing the behavior patterns of rodents. The excuse, of course, was that he was pulling habits out of rats.

As if that weren't enough, to add insult to biology he goes on to state that the father of this particular scientist had a job during the Depression, skinning eels in a government laboratory. It was his way, so we learn, of contributing to the Nude Eel.

But this is only the beginning. Ed Horr writes to tell us about a horse farm that made it a habit to bottle-feed young colts when they were only a few days old. The reason, of course, was that a foal and his mummy are soon parted.

But Mr. Horr cannot rest there. He is forced by some Machiavellian impulse to tell about the botanist who discovered a new lice on leaf.

Other bizarre events have been noted by equally alert readers such as Ralph L. Henry. Writing from Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota, he tells about the espionage chief who urged his staff to cut down on long, expensive telegrams. His executive order: "Don't wire until you see the flights of their spies."

Then there is Henna Arond Zacks, a humor, verse, and advertising copy writer, who tells us about a top executive who tried to prevent incipient gallstones by rolling downhill. His theory was that a rolling boss gathers no stones.

But, like the others, she cannot stop herself from getting deeper into the morass. She tells of the cow in the pasture that could forgive her favorite bull anything, on the theory that to err is human, to forgive, bovine.

Another reader doesn't hesitate to send us more grist for the mill (like the chef who tried to fry potatoes on the steam table, thus adding more mist to the grill). William Olmstead writes about a G.I. who returned from a tour of duty in Germany with a beautiful antique beer mug. To keep it safe, he put it in a special recess in the wall, where it stayed without harm during several severe fights with his wife. The reason nothing happened to it was ob-

Library Guard

By Stephen Stepanchev

"THIS book is mine," I said to the dog-faced guard
Keeping the door to a corridor of leaves,
Dead leaves falling on octagons of marble,
Aspen leaves in a mausoleum of mind.
Tense, tense. Suspicion of thievery. Threads.
What had I stolen?—a thimbleful of hope?
I ran down stairs to a basement of the self,
A grocery of stolen provisions, images
Of gold hair, blue sky batteried by love,
My father dying. "I'll have your boots when you die."
Dirt under my thumb-nail. Deeper. Adamic splinter.
Aspen leaves crackling in a void, a book
Of minutes scattering like leaves. Black God.
I stole his book. What worm-green, tunneling guilts!
"This book is mine!" I shouted to the dog.
And Egypt burned. "This book is yours," he said.

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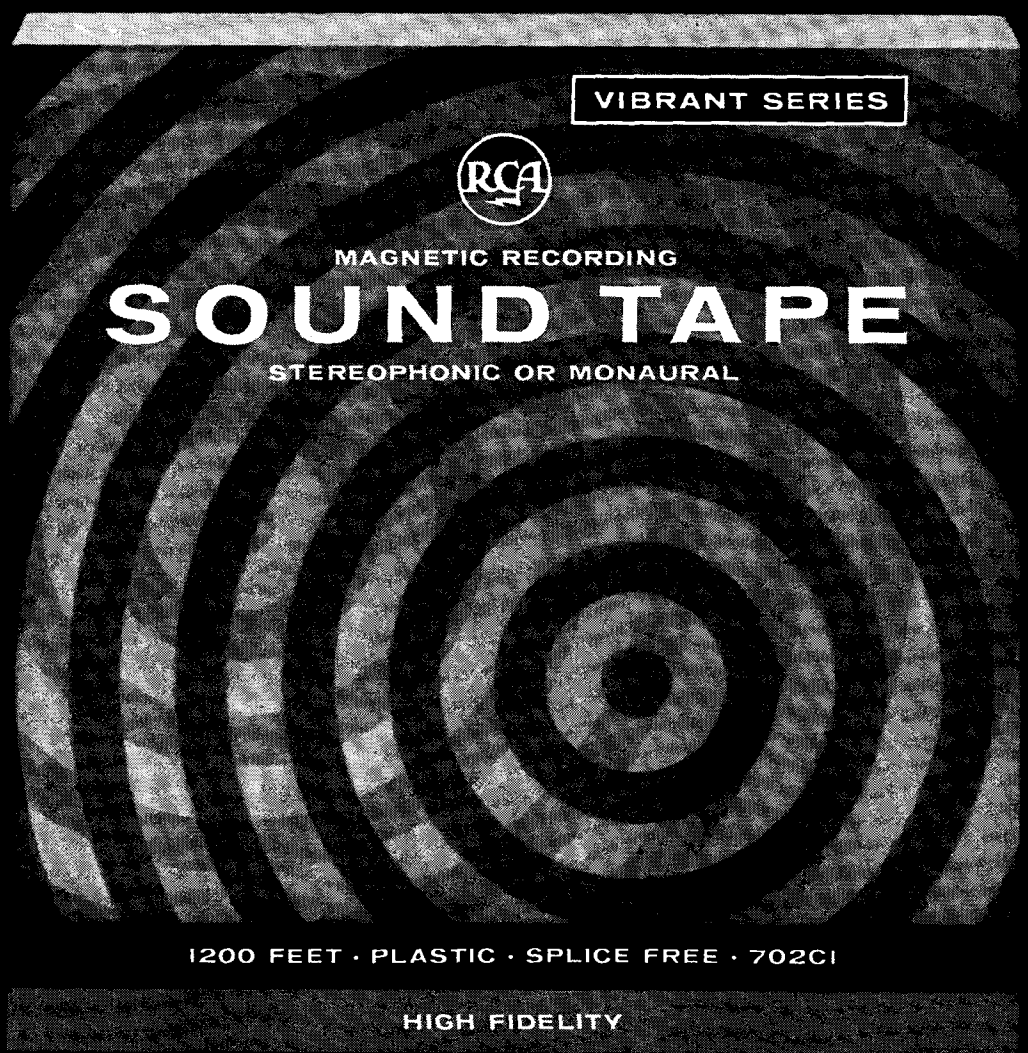

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viously because a niche in time saves stein.

The recent birth of the quints has inspired reader Allan R. Bosworth to tell us about the first words their father uttered after he had regained his composure. Wading through the hundreds of congratulatory telegrams, the new parent said: "I seem to have sold my birthrate for a pot of messages."

As appalling as these examples are, they cannot possibly match the title of the book that some verbal felons are attributing to Silas Spitzer, food editor of *Holiday*. The title: *The Salad of the Bad Café*. Nor can they match the dolorous and unlikely books that reader Nancy Tooney has conjured up:

1) The memoirs of a dragon who devored a member of King Arthur's Round Table—*Tender Is the Knight*.

2) The latest epistle from the Vatican —*The Bull from the See*.

3) The story of a scooter shop fea-

turing vehicles for neurotics—*The Oedipus Cycle*.

But again, Miss Tooney is not alone. She is joined by John O'Brien of Malden, Massachusetts, who tells us that there is a book about a little boy who always gets up when his father's alarm goes off (*The Son Also Rises*), and another one about a man caught in a meat grinder (*A Farewell to Arms*).

The parade goes on endlessly. All we can hope is that exposure of all these to the light of day may save their being repeated at cocktail parties, which, as everyone knows, are fêtes worse than death. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1546)

e. e. cummings:
THANK YOU, GOD

I thank You, God, for most this
amazing
day: . . . and for everything
which is natural which is infinite
which is yes . . .
how should tasting touching hearing
seeing
breathing any—lifted from the no
of all nothing—human merely being
doubt unimaginable You?

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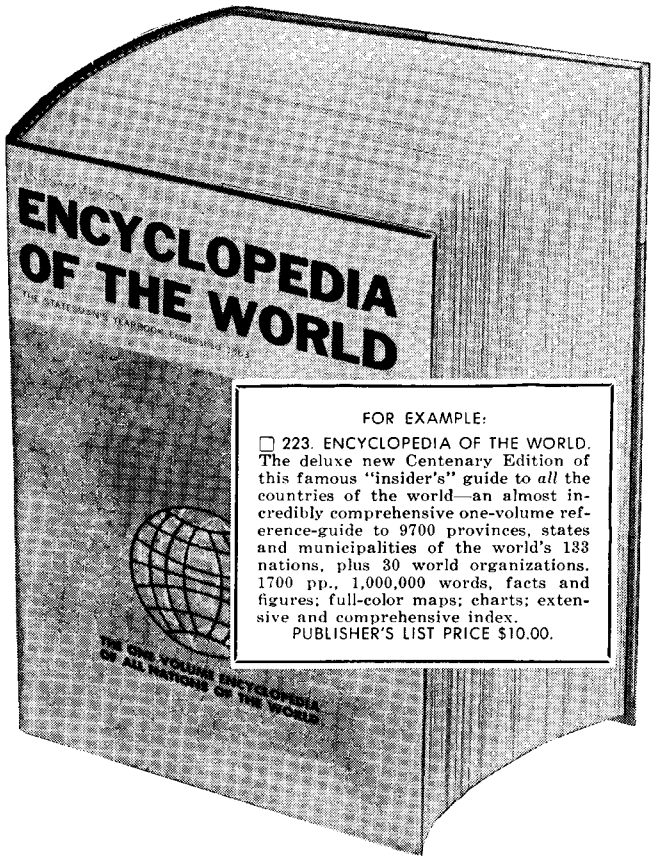

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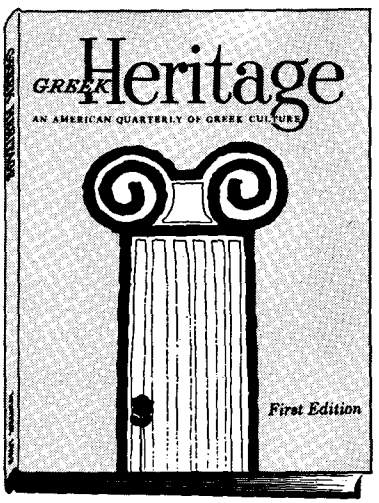

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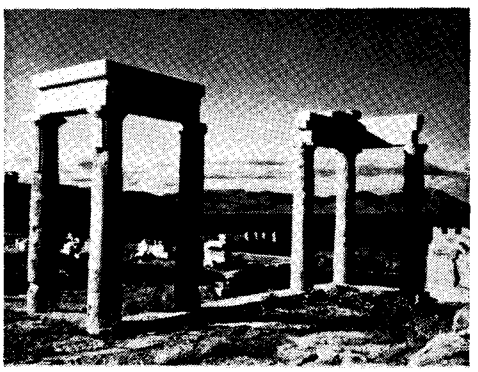

Citadel at Lindos on the Island of Rhodes G. B. Biggs

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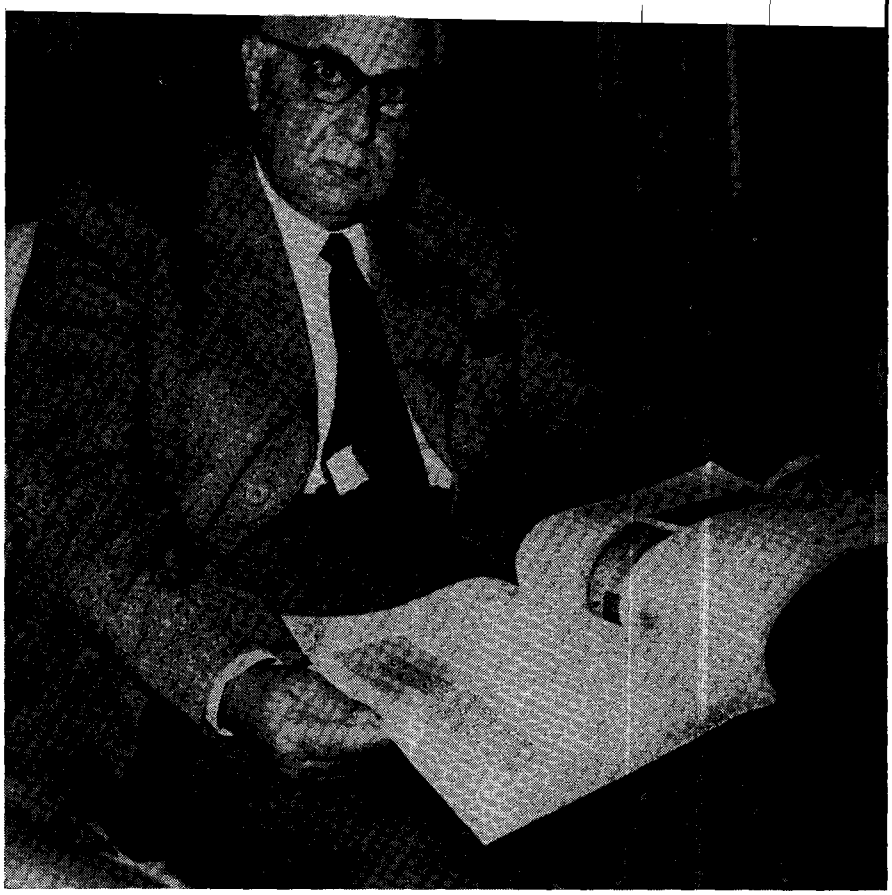

—K. Theocharis-N. Tsikoura.

GEORGE SEFERIS

The Greek Poet Who Won the Nobel Prize

By Kimon Friar

ATHENS.

TWO telegrams sent me by *Saturday Review* are unforgettably fused in my memory. The first, an occasion of great sorrow, arrived late in October of 1957 in a Chicago suburb where I was finishing my translation of Kazantzakis's *The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel.* It informed me of the death of Nikos Kazantzakis and requested an article on him and his work. The second, an occasion of great joy, came a few days ago to my home in Athens, requesting an article about George Seferis, who won the Nobel Prize in literature for 1963. Kazantzakis and Seferis: no greater antithesis can be imagined in the world of Greek letters. They are the positive and negative poles between which flows the electric current of Greek literary talent. Because Kazantzakis is widely known throughout the United States, and Seferis only to an eclectic circle, a comparison between them may prove illuminating.

The first difference between Seferis and Kazantzakis is the contrasting quantity of their work. Seferis wrote one small book of highly influential essays, a few scattered articles, a small pamphlet on a Cretan poem, and about eight slim volumes of poetry totaling no more than 3,500 lines. Kazantzakis is the author of three studies in philosophy, six books of travel, ten novels, eighteen plays (most in verse), a volume of poetry in *terza rima,* a slew of children's books, hundreds of encyclopedia articles, and, of course, *The Odyssey,* an epic poem of 33,333 lines. Seferis has translated Eliot's *The Waste Land, The Hollow Men, Difficulties of a Statesman, Marina,* three choruses from *The Rock,* Sidney Keyes's *The Wilderness,* and a few other poems. Kazantzakis has translated into modern Greek both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey, The Divine Comedy, Faust, The Origin of Species, Thus Spake Zarathustra,* Bergon's *On Laughter,* and forty or fifty other books.

The contrast between the two is that of the Apollonian and Dionysian views of life. After the death of Sikelianos, Kazantzakis was the greatest man of letters in modern Greece and her best poet in the grand tradition. Seferis is the greatest living Greek poet in the metaphysical-symbolist tradition—exemplified by such poets as Eliot, Pound, and Stevens.

Like them, Seferis and Kazantzakis sought for a mythology to replace discarded symbols of disbelief in modern times, embodying their visions of a disintegrating world. Poets of all nations have always raided Greek mythology, for it has become part of the symbolic heritage of world culture.

The Greek poet is more fortunate, because for him the traditional figures, especially the heroes, are still very much alive. Of all Greek heroes, Odysseus has most captured people's imagination throughout the centuries. *The Ulysses Theme,* by W. B. Stanford of Dublin University, traces the peregrinations and metamorphoses of Odysseus from Homer to Joyce and Kazantzakis. Odysseus is also the unifying symbol in the poetry of George Seferis. To see how Kazantzakis and Seferis each makes use of the Odyssean theme will not only reveal their philosophic and esthetic values but will also sum up the enduring qualities that continue to give greatness to Greek literature.

Odysseus is the most complex and contradictory of Greek heroes. He is

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Kimon Friar, who has translated the poetry of Seferis and Kazantzakis, is now the editor of *Greek Heritage,* a new hard-bound quarterly of Greek culture from ancient to modern times.

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cruel yet compassionate, modest yet boastful, cunning yet straightforward, heavy-handed yet gentle, affectionate yet harsh, aristocratic yet public-spirited, sensual yet ascetic, a man of mixed motives in a constant state of ethical tension. Only such a character could give the Greeks throughout history a satisfying pattern of their lives and aspirations. This is why his myth is as alive today as it was 3,000 years ago.

Kazantzakis painted Odysseus with a full palette. As his hero travels through Africa he meets prototypes of hedonist, ascetic, Don Quixote, Buddha, and Christ. He listens to their philosophies and rejects them all. In less talented hands, such an attempt would have exploded with fatuous inflation.

Seferis would gaze with horror on so grand a canvas, holding it impossible for any poet in our time to succeed with a frontal attack. His approach, like that of Pound or Eliot, is more oblique, hesitant, indirect, suggestive. Kazantzakis would be impatient with mere evocation, allusion, and abstemiousness. Seferis uses Odysseus as a symbol of inner tension: the eternal wanderer forever seeking the Land of Heart's Desire—the Lost Paradise lying somewhere behind the mysterious smiles of archaic statues. It is, Cavafis reminds us, the voyage to Ithaca and the adventures on the way that count, not the arrival itself.

Both Kazantzakis and Seferis have lived mostly outside Greece. The sense of exile has from ancient times been a central aspect of Greek temperament; there is no worse punishment for a Greek, ancient or modern, than banishment from his native land. Kazantzakis wandered throughout the world as a working journalist, seeking to understand different cultures. Seferis spent his childhood in Smyrna, his university years in Paris, and his mature life in various diplomatic posts. Such wandering Greeks have the greatest longing and nostalgia for their own land, and perhaps understand it best. Seferis and Kazantzakis combine their European and Asian experiences with scholastic awareness of the Greek past. Both poets have attempted to define what Greece *is*. "Wherever I wander," Seferis writes, "Greece wounds me still."

The poem of Seferis to compare with Kazantzakis's *Odyssey* is *Mythistorima*, an early work of twenty-four short poems totaling 350 lines. An anonymous Odyssean sensibility unites the poems,

GEORGE SEFERIS: A Chronology

1900, February 29. Born George Stiliano Seferiadhis in Smyrna, Asia Minor. Father, Stelios P. Seferiadhis; mother, Dhespo Tenekidhis. Grammar school in Smyrna, vacations in the family country place in Skala Vourla (the ancient Clazomenae).

1914, summer. Family moved to Athens at the beginning of the First World War, where he finished high school.

1918, July. Family moved to Paris. His father was already working there as a lawyer, but at the end of the year was appointed professor of international law at the University of Athens; also translated some of the poetry of Byron.

1918-1924. Studied law and literature at the Sorbonne and the University of Paris.

1924, summer, to 1925, winter. First trip to London.

1925. Returned to Athens.

1926. Admitted to the Royal Greek Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

1931, spring. Published his first book of poems, *Turning Point.*

1931, summer, to 1934, first months. Proconsul in London and, later, director of the General Consulate in London. From there he published *The Cistern* (a poem), 1932, and wrote various poems to be published later in *Exercise Book.*

1935. Published *Mythistorima,* a poem, and began his collaboration with the periodical *Nea Grammata.*

1936-38. Consul in Korytsa, Albania.

1936. Published *T. S. Eliot,* translations. Revised and enlarged, 1949.

1939. Published *A Dialogue on Poetry,* essay.

1940, spring. Published *Log Book I* (poems) and *Exercise Book, 1928-1937,* poems.

1937-1941. Head of the Foreign Press Division of the Greek Government.

1941. Married Maria Zannou. On April 22 he followed the free Greek Government to Crete, then to Egypt and South Africa.

1942, April. Transferred to Cairo to the Press Director's and Information Office of the Greek Government.

1944. Published *Essays* and *Log Book II.* In September, followed the Greek Government to Cava dei Tirreni in Italy, and on October 23 returned to liberated Athens as head of the Foreign Press Division.

1945-1946. Director of the Political Cabinet of Regent Archbishop Damaskinos. Published *Erotocritos,* an essay.

1947. Published *The Thrush,* a poem. Awarded the Kostis Palamas prize in poetry.

1948-1950. Counselor to the Royal Greek Embassy in Ankara.

1951-1953. Minister-Counselor to the Embassy in London.

1953-56. Minister to Lebanon, Syria, Jordon, and Iraq.

1955. Published *Log Book III* under the title *Kiprou ou m'ethespisen.*

1956-1957. In Athens as head of the Second Political Division at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

1957, June. Royal Greek Ambassador to London.

1960. Granted Hon. Litt. D. by the University of Cambridge.

1961. In London, awarded the William Foyle Prize for poetry.

1962, August. Returned to Greece, retired.

1962, December. Published *Essays,* complete and revised edition.

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drifting amid the stone ruins of the poet's heritage as he seeks for his own meaning and that of the world. This poem is the one that the Swedish Academy had in mind when noting that "it has correctly been pointed out that only Seferis has interpreted the deep mystery of stones, of the dead fragments of marble, and of the silent, smiling statues." The word "Mythistorima," composed of "myth" and "history," forms the Greek word for "novel," "romance," "fiction." The protagonist is the poet himself hiding in many mirrors, wandering simultaneously in the past, present, and future of his country, much like Odysseus, looking back and retracing her history. The poem has the independent validity and ambiguity of imaginative "fiction," as Wallace Stevens understood the word in his superb *Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction*.

The opening lines of *Mythistorima* set the tone at once: "We have awaited/the messenger intently for three years/scrutinizing closely/the pines the seashore the stars. . . ./We returned to our homes, broken/our limbs ailing and our mouths ravaged/with taste of rust and salt of the sea . . . /We brought back/these bas-reliefs of a humble art." It should be recalled that the word for "messenger" in Greek is "angelos," and also means "angel": neither the messenger nor the angel ever comes to bring its annunciation of hope, of the longed-for and lost paradise. The voyagers return with nothing completed and whole, but simply with knowledge derived in profile, the bas-reliefs of a humble art.

The motto which precedes *Mythistorima* is taken from Rimbaud's *A Season in Hell*, and may be rendered, "If there is anything I care for, it is only for soil and stone." Seferis in this poem delineates an acutely physical identification with place: land enclosed by mountains, scorched pines, the desire to sink into kinship with stone surrounded always by the inexhaustible sea of vast serenity. The land is desolate, the riverbeds are dry, there are no wells or springs, and even love itself becomes as hollow as the empty cisterns. "In the harbors/on Sundays where we descend for a breath of air/we see shining in the declining sun/broken craft of voyages which had no ending/bodies that no longer know how to love." The two main references are to a sense of separation and to exiled wandering.

There are endless voyages, symbolized not only by Odysseus, but also by the Argonauts, the raging search for Great Alexander, for "glories buried in the depths of Asia," the voyage of the soul with outworn seacraft on nonexistent pilgrimages: "We anchored by beaches heavy with night aromas/with birdsong, waters that left on the hand/a memory of great happiness./But the voyages never ended./Their souls became one with the oars and the rowlocks/with the grave face of the prow/with the wake of the rudder/with the water that fractured their image./The companions came to an end each in turn,/with downcast eyes. Their oars/mark the place where they sleep on the shore./No one remembers them. Justice."

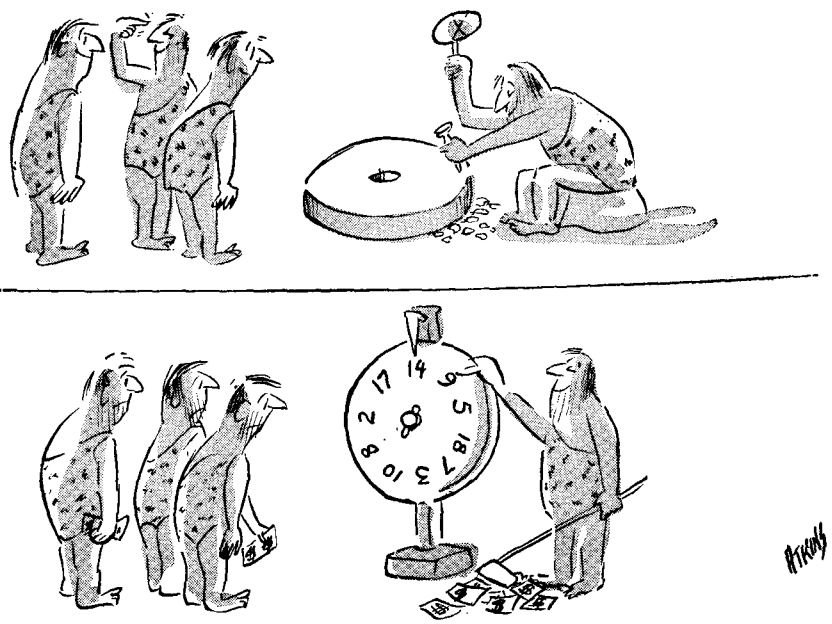
THERE is only re-embarking with broken oars, futile searching for water and sleep and the sight of the stranger-enemy. All familiar landmarks are gone; friends have vanished, never to return; those who remain tire us by not knowing when to die; desultory letter-writing attempts to fill the void of separation; even the beloved is unapproachable and inviolate in her sleep, in her separate identity. There is no possibility of communication; no one cares; there remain only solitude and silence. For a while it seems that justice may be found on the road to death, but final justice is denied, as the Argonauts were forgotten and buried nameless in some foreign land.

> We who set out on this pilgrimage
> have looked on the broken statues
> forgot ourselves and said that life
> cannot so easily be lost,
> that death has its inscrutable roads
> and a justice of its own;
> that when we die upright on our
> feet
> made brothers in the stone
> and united with hardness and
> weakness,
> the ancient dead escape the circle
> and are resurrected
> and smile within a strange stillness.

The return home finds one broken, with ailing limbs and mouths ravaged by brine. There are momentary glimpses of beauty: multicolored, glittering ships tossed in a Greek island harbor; feeling that the next land rise will show the breaking sea, marbles shining in the sun, almond trees in blossom. But the only certainty is the dark serenity of the dead who smile with strange stillness, symbolized by the smiles of statues standing as guardians before past, dead glories:

> Because we know this fate of ours
> so well
> wandering amid broken stones,
> three or six thousand years
> searching amid ruined habitations
> that might have been our homes,
> trying to remember historic dates
> and heroic deeds;
> shall we be able to?
>
> because we were bound and scattered
> and fought, as they said, with
> imaginary difficulties
> lost, then finding again a road full
> of blind regiments
> sinking in marshes and in the Lake
> of Marathon,
> shall we be able to die in a normal
> way?

The Greek, laden with past grandeur and present uncertainties, has no possibility of dying "in a normal way." The poet is Orestes driven round and round in the struggling arena of life by dark Furies who, though bored with the eternal cycle of man's fate, are relentlessly unforgiving. Yet each of these brief poems, weighted with exile and despair, has evocative melody and



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imagery that give compassionate value to the exhausted and desiccated life they project. Although Seferis's later poetry shows greater strength and stature, none reveal him more fully or expose more faithfully the complex nerves that compose the modern Greek temperament.

Seferis was greatly influenced by Eliot. This short summary of Mythistorima reveals it as a warmer, more nostalgic version of *The Waste Land.* A late poem by Seferis, *The Thrush,* is written in the five-part sonata division of *Four Quartets* and resembles that exercise in the "music of ideas." Both Eliot and Seferis use quotations and allusions, but Seferis confines himself primarily to his own country's literature. His first book, *The Turning Point* (1931), affected Greek poetry in the same way that Eliot's early work influenced English and American verse. It contains quatrains in traditional meter sophisticatedly used and slantingly rhymed, similar to the experiments Eliot conducted with *Sweeney Among the Nightingales* or *Whispers of Immortality.* But these are surface similarities. What should be emphasized is that both poets have a surprisingly similar artistic sensibility nourished by their dedication to French symbolist poets. Indeed, if in time the names of both vanished and only the works remained, the poems of one could, insofar as quality is concerned, be attributed to the other, given the all-important differences of religious and national background.

One of Seferis's later poems may give us further insight into his range and style. *The King of Asine* is considered probably his best poem. Surely it is a modern masterpiece. Its theme is that of Shelley's *Ozymandias* and of Villon's "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" In the motto "Asinen te" ("and of Asine"), Seferis refers us to ships listed in the *Iliad* (Book II) and kings who embarked for Troy. This phrase is the only known mention of that town or king in all of Homer, though a citadel may still be seen (on the site of the kingdom on the sea) near Nauplia. The poet lingers about the ruins, but all traces of past life have vanished. There are only refractions of light, the fluttering of a bird's wings, an abyss, a void. As the sun rises, a frightened bat crashes out of a cave into the light, reminding us of the twenty-fourth book of the *Odyssey* where Hermes is herding into Hades the suitors whom Odysseus had slain, "gibbering like bats that squeak and flutter in the depths of some mysterious cave." In dark paths of decay, under the blazing, pitiless sun of Greece, Seferis relentlessly examines time and futility.

Kazantzakis was monstrously prolific,

The King of Asine

By George Seferis

Asinen te . . .
All that morning we rowed about the castle
beginning from the shadowy side where the sea
green and without brilliance, breast of a slain peacock,
received us like time without break.
The veins of rock descended from above,
twisted vines, bare, many-branched, coming alive
at the touch of water, while the eye in following them
strove to escape the fatiguing undulation
and constantly weakened.

On the sunny side a long extended coastline
and the light grating diamonds on the great walls.
Not a single creature alive, the wild pigeons flown,
and the King of Asine, for whom we had sought two years now
unknown, forgotten by all, even by Homer
only one word in the *Iliad,* and that uncertain
flung here like an entombed golden mask.
You touched it, remember the sound?—hollow in the light
like a dry jug in the dug earth;
and the same sound of our oars on the sea.
The King of Asine a void under the mask
everywhere with us, everywhere with us, under a name:
"*Asinen te . . . Asinen te . . .*"
and his children statues,
and his desires the fluttering of birds, and the wind
in the intervals of his meditations and his ships
moored in a vanished harbor;
a void under the mask.

Beneath the large eyes the curled hair
embossed on the golden covering of our existence—
a spot of darkness that moves like a fish
in the dawning calm of the sea, and you watch it:
a void everywhere with us.
And the bird that in another winter flew away
with broken wing
the housel of life,
and the young woman who went away to play
with the dogteeth of summer,
and the soul that sought the underworld chirping
and the country like a large plane tree leaf that the torrent of the sun drags away
with ancient monuments and contemporary sorrow.

And the poet looks at the stones and lingers, asking himself
are there I wonder
among these broken lines heights edges hollows and curves
are there I wonder
here where the passing of wind rain and ruin meet
are there the movement of feature the form of affection
of those who have so strangely dwindled in our lives
of those who have remained wave-shadows and thoughts boundless as the sea?
But no, perhaps there remains nothing but the weight only
nostalgia of the weight of a once living creature
there where we live now without substance heaped up in the duration of despair
while the yellow stream slowly bears away reeds uprooted from the mire,
image of a face turned to stone with the decision of a perpetual bitterness,
the poet a void.

The shield-bearing sun arose fighting
and from the depths of a cavern a frightened bat
crashed upon light as an arrow on a shield:
"*Asinen te . . . Asinen te . . .*"
Was it the King of Asine
for whom we have sought so carefully on this acropolis
feeling at times with our fingers his touch upon the stones.

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pouring out a variety of literary forms; Seferis, with the exception of a few important essays, has confined himself to highly polished, metaphysical, symbolistic, dramatic lyric. Kazantzakis piled up adjectives, trying to see an object from all sides; Seferis stripped his verse bare of modifiers, seeking for the precise word. For Kazantzakis, in his role as prophet, his vision was more important than the words that enclosed and betrayed it; for Seferis, the conscious craftsman, meaning and words are the inseparable, integrated goal. Kazantzakis translated many great books into his own idiom; Seferis has translated only Eliot and a few kindred spirits. Kazantzakis reveled in the unformed Greek demotic tongue and sought to impose his own stamp on it; Seferis tormentedly weighs every word, for it must not be too new, too old, or too worn, but precise for the clear delineation of subtle states of mind. Kazantzakis was Dionysian in ecstasy and frenzy; Seferis is Apollonian in clarity and order. And yet, an Apollonian tendency impelled Kazantzakis to a unified vision of life; a Dionysian strain in Seferis summons the Eleusinian and Orphic mysteries stirring beneath his verses.

These two poets are opposite sides of the coin which is Greece. Both together represent those dualities which are basic to any great literature, but which in the Greek temperament reach intense proportions. We should not reject one for the other, for both are profiles of the same mysterious face contemplating all humanity. It is as if we were to crawl over the ridge of the full moon and fall into the darkness of "the other world," of which Seferis writes, and there find ourselves illuminated by another and more brilliant sun than ours.

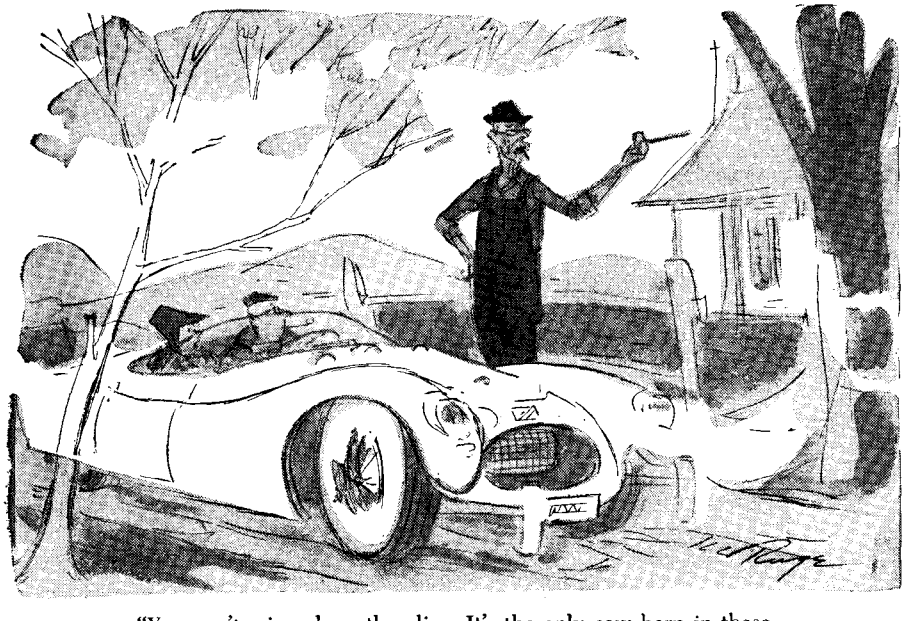
Experiment in Integration

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In its October 19 issue SR published an article under the title "Keeping the Outsiders Out." In it the author, Elinor Richey, described and commented on conditions in the Chicago community of Hyde Park-Kenwood; her principal argument was that the neighborhood, although ostensibly devoted to integration, was in fact practicing segregation through various subterfuges. Subsequent investigation, prompted by a number of letters from readers closely acquainted with the progress of Hyde Park-Kenwood, has shown that SR erred by presenting only a part of the total story, and particularly by placing excessive emphasis on the area's failures at the expense of its successes. In order to offer another view of the subject, SR publishes herewith an article on Hyde Park-Kenwood that appeared in the October 12 issue of The Economist of London; it appears in SR through special arrangement with the editors of The Economist.*

FOR over ten years the University of Chicago, one of America's great intellectual and scientific centers, has been working to resuscitate the Hyde Park-Kenwood district, the 1.3 square miles just north of the university buildings where 65 per cent of the staff and 70 per cent of the students, both overwhelmingly white, live. Once one of Chicago's best residential districts and still containing many big houses of pre-1929 vintage, Hyde Park-Kenwood is now in the middle of what has become a solid Negro slum. The university was forced to intervene to save its own future. The number of students had fallen, and it was difficult to attract new professors or keep old ones when they had to live in an increasingly run-down and crime-ridden district. The plan was "to fight blight," whether it was caused by Negroes or whites, to establish "a stable interracial community of high standards."

The scheme has meant a tremendous drain on the resources and administrative energy of the university, but at last the campaign appears to have turned a commercial corner. The redevelopment program (the largest of its kind), costing $195 million from public, private, and university funds, is about finished, and now private capital is flowing in for new flats and town houses and for the rehabilitation of existing buildings. This reflects a growing demand from people who want to live in the district; prices of single-family dwellings have risen to the levels prevailing in fashionable all-white suburbs and the crime rate has fallen. And there is another measure of success: the percentage of Negroes in the population has ceased to climb; between 1950 and 1960 it grew in Kenwood from 10 to 84 per cent and in Hyde Park from 3 to 38 per cent.

The early problem was to encourage white families to stay put, to check the *de facto* segregation by residence that is the essence of the racial problem in the Northern states. There are few American neighborhoods and none as large as Hyde Park-Kenwood (the total population is 65,000) where white families live next door to Negroes by choice. The plan concentrated on restoring and rehabilitating existing structures wherever possible instead of pulling them down indiscriminately. Until early in 1962, the result was praised as liberal, forward-looking, and humanitarian. Then, simply because the university was one of the best, rather than worst, examples of an interracial experiment and therefore vulnerable, the Congress of Racial Equality through its student members, most of whom are white, started a two-week "sit-in," the first in the North, not at a segregated



"You can't miss where they live. It's the only cow barn in these parts with a picture window, TV aerial and swimming pool."

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lunch counter, but outside the offices of the university's president and of its commercial housing department.

CORE has discovered that the university, as part of its urban redevelopment activities, had become a big landlord on its own account; it owned 121 residential properties, including apartment hotels. Most of them had apparently been bought to house students and staff, but in some instances they had been "strategic purchases"; for example, a well-maintained flat-building would be taken over to prevent its conversion into an overcrowded tenement. This might, if the building were "all white," mean keeping it that way. CORE protested that the university habitually imposed a color bar, especially when it was acting as landlord to tenants without academic connections. The university said that this had been done in only twelve buildings and then only for the sake of keeping white people in the district; the authorities promised not to discriminate against students or members of the staff.

The disturbances, the arrests, and the publicity caused by the CORE sit-ins were upsetting at an institution with a sizable number of Afro-Asians among the students and a staff that is highly sophisticated about such matters as racial questions. By last midsummer the university's committee on business administration had quietly converted most of its properties to housing for students and staff or had rehabilitated and sold them. The few properties that are still let to the general public "are open to qualified applicants without any discrimination whatsoever." This presumably amounts to rationing by class; if "qualified" means what it usually means around the university, a Negro doctor would rank ahead of an equally affluent Negro dance hall operator.

BUT with the physical phase of the experiment coming to an end, how will "interracial" be defined in the future? In the past it meant active integration to prevent white people from moving out and the development, as a result, of an all-Negro neighborhood like that surrounding Hyde Park-Kenwood. This involved bringing the district back up to the standards of the white middle class, and inevitably it was the Negroes who suffered, both from the slum clearance in itself, which meant that they were turned out, and from relatively high rents that they could not afford, even though in theory the new dwellings were open to all.

A report after the sit-ins suggested that the next step should be a policy of "managed integration." This means that an "all white" block of flats may be maintained or even introduced deliberately into a predominantly Negro section because the only way to integrate such a section is to put white people where they would not ordinarily go. Managed integration also means that the university will give a lead in opening up to Negroes those sections of Hyde Park near the university which remain largely white, if the Negroes "meet the requisite standards."

The young CORE zealots complain that not even these limited goals have been accepted. Moreover, they make the point that landlords often exploit Negro tenants by refusing to maintain the property that they let to Negroes. This causes friction between the races because the white residents, even liberally-minded ones, argue that "when Negroes move in, the standards go down." Therefore CORE says that "managed integration" is really "managed segregation" and agitates for open occupancy (*i.e.*, freedom for Negroes to move where they wish) bolstered by assurances from landlords that "standards will be maintained." Such agitation lacked the dramatic appeal of a sit-in and never got very far, even before racial tension in other parts of Chicago gave the young members of CORE plenty to do quite independently of the university. Moreover, the Chicago City Council has now passed an ordinance providing for open occupancy, which nullifies the demand that the university, as a "community leadership force," set an example.

More important, the university is now planning to expand to the south, buying up one of the worst slum areas in all of Chicago, chiefly for academic buildings that will be needed in the future. The university's plan dovetails with an urban renewal project of the city's, but this is objected to by a militant group composed primarily of Negroes who demand that new housing be provided for the Negroes who will be displaced before the old slum is razed. If this dispute can be settled, the university will begin its first major expansion in four decades.

This would be the final chapter in a vast undertaking. Ten years ago the university trustees were seriously debating whether to move outside the city of Chicago altogether. Instead, they faced the ultimate social consequence of blocks of dingy shopfronts, shabby saloons, run-down overcrowded buildings. The final solution for this problem rests, of course, with the city, the state, and the national government, for it is the fruit of inadequate educational and social opportunity. But, as the president of the university said: "We are a part of the community and, if we leave it, our absence will only worsen the situation." Many other urban American universities have similar problems and Chicago has broken new ground for them.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FROM TELEVISION TO TYPE

You have seen each of the following performers on TV, Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, informs us. Can you pair each with his or her autobiography? Answers on page 41.

1. Cornelia Otis Skinner	( ) *Satchmo*
2. Hoagy Carmichael	( ) *In Person*
3. Louis Armstrong	( ) *So Help Me*
4. Sophie Tucker	( ) *Steps in Time*
5. Vincent Price	( ) *Family Circle*
6. George Jessel	( ) *Past Imperfect*
7. Ethel Merman	( ) *Thursday's Child*
8. Fred Astaire	( ) *Rocks on the Roof*
9. Eartha Kitt	( ) *Orchids and Salami*
10. Jim Backus	( ) *The Stardust Trail*
11. Lena Horne	( ) *Some of These Days*
12. Ilka Chase	( ) *Wayfaring Stranger*
13. Ken Murray	( ) *I Like What I Know*
14. Eva Gabor	( ) *Life on a Pogo Stick*
15. Burl Ives	( ) *Who Could Ask for Anything More*

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A Friendly Letter to Mr. Zorin

"How can one man [Frederick C. Barghoorn] create such a problem between our two great countries? . . . I do not understand how this single incident can color the whole range of Soviet-American relations."—Valerian A. Zorin, Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs of the USSR, as quoted in press dispatches from Moscow.

DEAR MR. ZORIN:

We understand that you raised these questions during a press conference at a time when American indignation over the arrest on espionage charges of Professor Barghoorn was reaching in a powerful crescendo. The news stories said you expressed genuine bewilderment and concern and sought serious answers.

No more important or revealing questions than the ones you ask about the United States have come from the Soviet Union. In many ways, these questions are even more vital to world peace than the emergency military questions for which the hot line between Washington and Moscow was devised. Questions involving military accident or miscalculation are fairly mechanical and are subject to reasonably prompt correction or clarification. Far more fundamental and difficult are questions involving miscalculation growing out of a nation's values or its philosophical underpinnings and the propositions attached to them. The peoples of the world and not just the peoples of our two countries have a genuine stake in the formulation of policy in the Soviet Union based on your correct understanding of why the United States moved powerfully and swiftly in the Barghoorn episode. This understanding will be relevant in any future assessment you make of those things that are certain to affect or bring about major American decisions.

First of all, you should be assured that the implications of your question are quite right: the United States is prepared to turn itself inside out on behalf of a single man. Indeed, this is precisely what the United States was designed to do. It was designed to rescue the individual from the ages-old notion that he was comprehensively subordinate, and that his rights or sufferings or longings or needs were of little consequence alongside the wishes or needs of the state. The design was not a superficial one. It involved an intricate structure of government, constituted in such a way that no government official could have an easy time immunizing himself from the consequences of his errors or in putting himself beyond the reach of an individual who didn't like what was happening.

Most important of all, the design was based on the conviction that the only justification for a national government is to prevent bullies, including the state itself, from taking advantage of the individual because he is small and alone. According to this design, then, the individual is primary and the state is secondary. The individual in full possession of his rights becomes the central concern of the state. This means that the state must not merely come to the defense of a solitary individual who is under attack; the state must think through the total problem of what the individual requires in order to be himself, to function effectively, to grow, to think, and to exercise rights against the state itself. The individual must be able to shake his fist at the state, to denounce it, to take it into court and sue it and receive a verdict against it.

THIS, then, is the general idea. Many of our problems have come about not because the state has followed this design too closely but because it didn't follow it closely enough. The most important causes or movements in the United States today are those that are directed against government—local, regional, or national—for being less zealous than it should be in meeting its obligations to the individual.

We can understand why you expressed bewilderment. We appreciate—and we say this not with any intent to score points in a discussion but in an effort to state a recognizable and relevant fact—that you speak from the vantage point of a society that sees history as governed by inexorable and supremely impersonal historic forces. According to this view, there are basic laws that determine which way a society and the world itself are to be shaped. The fate of a single individual alongside these vast forces is not considered to be especially critical. The individual, to be sure, is not ignored, but his rights against the state are minimal rather than maximal. The term "destiny" is seldom applied to a single man; it belongs to the society as a whole. Cases in which one man is allowed to array himself against the state, which, for all its size and power, has no more standing in court than the man juxtaposed against it—cases such as these are unknown in your nation.

Against this background, we can readily understand that you should be amazed and dismayed that an individual such as Professor Barghoorn could upset the flow of history. But this was to be expected and, under similar circumstances, would happen again. Indeed, surprise and bewilderment over the Barghoorn case would be warranted only if the United States and the American people did not fly into an uproar but contented themselves with a murmur of protest or nothing at all.

Our purpose in writing you, we repeat, is not to deliver a sermon but to put before you some speculations bearing on the serious questions you pose. We want to assure you that this is not a one-way discussion and that our pages are available to you for response, riposte, or further questions. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Integration in Chicago

HAVING MOVED TO Chicago nine weeks ago from Washington, D.C., and located in the Hyde Park-Kenwood area, I found Elinor Richey's article, "Keeping the Outsiders Out" [*SR*, Oct. 19], of both personal and professional interest.

Very few of the whites or Negroes I have chatted with would accord to Hyde Park Miss Richey's conceptualizatio.i, "glistening haven of racial harmony." On the contrary, they're all aware that there is much more opposition than acceptance to integrated living. But, like the pioneers who crossed the Western plains, they're determined to live their lives in the freedom a democracy confers upon them.

When a reporter draws conclusions, I'm always disturbed by the lack of specificity in the analysis, particularly when there is an indictment. Miss Richey cites eleven cases to justify her criticism, but in no instance does she offer names. Nor does she give any indication of just how widespread are the nefarious practices she laments.

Her article would have rung with authority had she listed real estate brokers, hotels, apartment houses, and individuals in the Hyde Park area that constitute the hard core of organized bigotry. All of us know the offenders, the practitioners of the subtle and the crass. But we would submit that articles such as those written by Miss Richey accomplish absolutely nothing by their tut-tutting, do-gooding, generalized rap on the anonymous wrists. What is needed instead is the metatarsis of publicity placed squarely in the middle of their racist gluteus maximuses.

Let Miss Richey not mislead herself into thinking that Hyde Parkers believe their idyllic interracial living is universally accepted. We're a cultural island and we know it. But we're both smug and secure in the knowledge that the march of history and of world events is on our side.

C. SUMNER STONE, JR.,
Editor-in-Chief,
Chicago *Daily Defender.*

Chicago, Ill.

I WAS VERY MUCH disturbed in reading Elinor Richey's article concerning discrimination against people who entertain ideas of integration in Hyde Park. Having lived almost my entire life in that area, I have a great attachment to it, based primarily on the fact that Hyde Park *is* a community of almost complete integration. . . .

PEGI STAVISH.

Madison, Wis.

ELINOR RICHEY'S ARTICLE is one of the most ridiculous I have ever seen. As a longtime Hyde Parker (1943-49, 1959-present), I feel that this article serves as a blatant example of the worst kind of slanted reporting. Miss Richey insists that only about 100 Negro families have relocated in Hyde Park; University Apartments (privately owned), of which I am a resident, has 540 apartments, many of which are occupied by Negroes. The same pattern of integrated housing holds true for the surrounding town houses. Granted, this new housing caters to upper-middle-income families—thereby excluding low-income families, *white as well as Negro.*

Miss Richey lists all sorts of practices that supposedly take place in Hyde Park (harassments, investigations, etc.). To the best of my knowledge, only a dozen or so such incidents have occurred in the last five years (and these were widely publicized). . . .

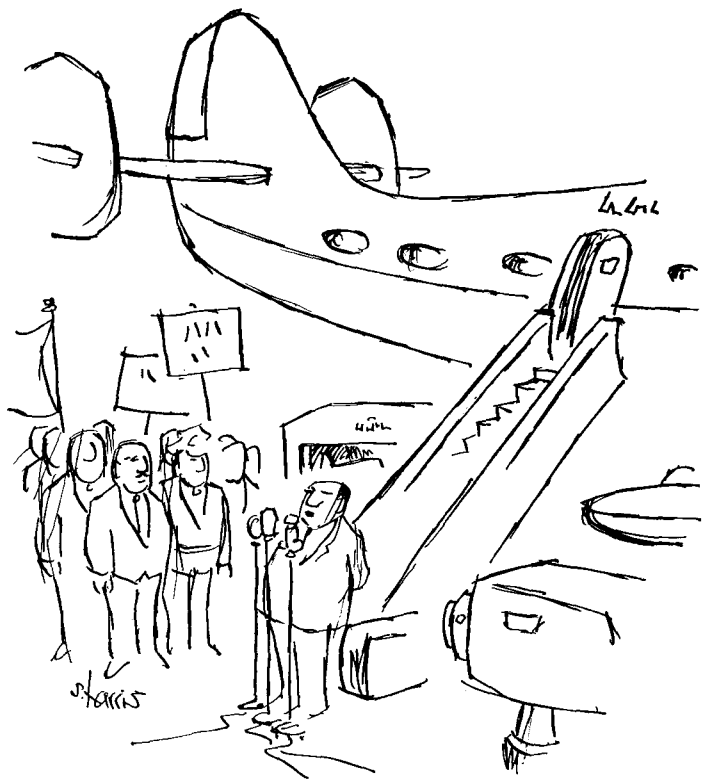
I personally know of buildings in Hyde Park owned (in part) by Negroes in which Negroes are not permitted (even as dinner guests). It would seem that Miss Richey might better spend her time re-educating the wealthy Negroes than making wild harangues against her white neighbors.

ROBIN B. BOGEAUS.

Chicago, Ill.

WE IN KENWOOD built a model interracial community by quietly routing the enemy, not by giving him free publicity in the national press. We needed no help from enraged souls who were eager to vindicate their private experiences publicly.

No one here denies that there are elements within the community determined to "keep the outsiders out." Why else are thousands of conscientious Hyde Parkers, devoted to integration, working night and day? Why are these decent thousands systematically sacrificed to the sensationalism and petulance of Miss Richey's pen?



"Mr. Mayor, distinguished guests, members of the press, fellow citizens—I don't know whom you're expecting, but I'm Fred Haskell of Pelkin, Iowa."

Why does Miss Richey pass lightly over Hyde Park's accomplishments while rapping its failures? Where else, other than in Kenwood, is there a community integrated to the extent Hyde Park is? Does the woman want miracles overnight?

Are we who know the truth never to believe anything we read in print again? Must we accept as truth sweeping generalities that obscure the real and wonderful story of Hyde Park? Such fiction is an injustice to thousands of good people and beneath the dignity of Miss Richey and *Saturday Review.*

MRS. IRVING D. HARRIS.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For another view of Chicago's Hyde Park-Kenwood neighborhood,* *see page 20.*

Suppressed Slang

JOSEPH KING'S ACCOUNT of troubles in Tulare County, California, concerning an attempt to ban the *Dictionary of American Slang* from libraries [*SR*, Nov. 9], reminded me with a tickle of pride of the way a similar problem was handled in Forest Grove, Oregon—where my children go to high school. Our problem was settled peacefully but it did end with an odd twist.

As far as I know, we have no active hate groups like the Birchers, but one high school student did check out the dictionary from the high school library and brought

(*Continued on page* 43)

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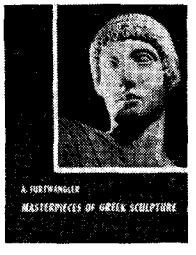

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Resistible Results

IN 1939 Bertolt Brecht wrote a mad mad satire in which Hitler's rise to power was told in terms of imbecilic Chicago gangsters taking over a respectably crooked cauliflower trust. Since he titled the work *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, one might assume that its intention was to demonstrate that Hitler and his gang were not evil geniuses but only simple-minded hustlers playing it by ear from one crime to the next, and that the German people could easily have stopped them.

The David Merrick foundation's gift to Broadway of a lavish American production of *Arturo Ui* proved disappointing and closed after only seven performances. One wonders if the removal of the words "Resistible Rise" from the title may not in itself indicate a wrong interpretation. For Tony Richardson's decision to stage the show as a raucous circus of obviously insidious people who machine-gun their way easily and ruthlessly through every situation eliminates the suggestion that resistance was possible.

To compound the unsubtlety, the Broadway presentation redundantly and stridently offered menacing martial music and a dazzling, complex arrangement of moving lights around a stage frame to bridge the scenes. It also depicted the play's characters as gross, loud, and two-dimensional representations of vile intentions.

Tragically drowned out by all this was Christopher Plummer's skilful, self-effacing performance of the pathetic and ridiculous little man who has no confidence in himself, but who gradually learns to acquire confidence in the always manipulable confidence of others.

Would *Arturo Ui* have been better in a quiet production in a smaller theatre? Probably. But there are a half-dozen Brecht plays equally interesting to do, and one's regret is that the money that went into *Arturo Ui* might have paid for sensible off-Broadway presentations of them all.

Charles Boyer is a keenly intelligent actor, and Terence Rattigan is a worldly-wise and expert playwright. But you'd never guess it from watching Mr. Boyer in Mr. Rattigan's *Man and Boy*.

Set in Greenwich Village during the early Thirties, the play happens mainly from the outside as the speculative empire of a shady Rumanian financier collapses. What we see is the last-ditch fight the financier makes in trying to outwit the head of a respectable American corporation. While his apparent success in conning this man is mildly dramatic, Mr. Rattigan makes the fatal error of announcing in the third act that for other reasons it didn't matter anyway. We are left to conclude that the play was meant to be a sort of *Death of a Super-Salesman,* but both Mr. Boyer, whose accent seems to be getting harder rather than easier to understand, and Mr. Rattigan are perhaps too sophisticated to voice the howl of complaint that kind of play would have demanded.

The main trouble with Dale Wasserman's adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,* is that it tries to do too many things at once. It begins poetically with an American Indian expressing his feelings about society's efforts to substitute machinery for souls. Then it turns to a comic representation of life inside an insane asylum. Although our discovery that the head nurse is intent upon dominating and torturing them all leads us to suspect melodrama, the entry of a picaresque new inmate, cheerily and vigorously played by Kirk Douglas, makes it clear that his swashbuckling approach to living is going to put right all that is repressed and wrong within this institution (allegorically the world in miniature). In the last act, however, the play changes again into a romanticized tragedy about society's habit of destroying its most courageous and imaginative people.

While one is frequently amused by the slightly corny proceedings, there is not much development of one basic idea that might make the play a profound and eloquent statement about modern society's failure. And without that, the playwright probably would have been better off making his play a wildly joyous comedy about the release of the inmates and their nurse from their self-imposed conditions. But once the subject of prefrontal lobotomy is raised, the party's over, and the mixture is as unappetizing as the one the inmates make out of alcohol, codeine, nox vomica, etc., and dispense from the nozzle of an enema bag.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

West Coast Festival

THE big news at this year's San Francisco International Film Festival was the official entry, albeit out of competition, of Carl Foreman's *The Victors* to represent the American industry. It marked the end of a five-year boycott of the Festival by the Hollywood studios; but more than that, it signified a moral victory for Irving M. Levin, the Festival's hard-working founder and director.

From the very start of the Festival, in 1956, Levin had sought Hollywood participation. Every festival in the world looks to the stars and the glamour of the American studios to add glitter to the affair, to add names that will attract fans and impress sponsors. No one has ever pretended that film quality alone can make a festival.

In 1959, Levin thought he had made his breakthrough. 20th Century-Fox entered *Beloved Infidel* in competition and backed its entry with an impressive contingent of stars and personalities. Unfortunately, the contingent was more impressive than the film. Roberto Rossellini's *General della Rovere* swept the field that year, while *Infidel* was completely ignored.

Today Levin asserts that if he had pressured his jury into an award for the Fox film, he had the tacit assurance of continuing industry support. There would be other films and other stars, but always with the same price tag—the promise of a major prize. Levin preferred the integrity of his Festival and left his jury free to vote according to its conscience and its taste.

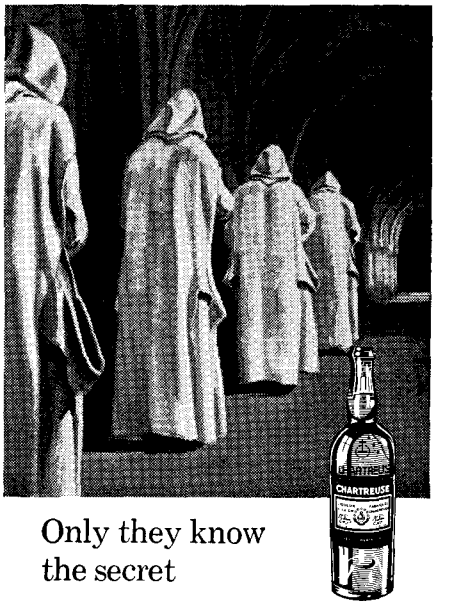
While this decision undoubtedly made life more difficult, Hollywood's recently concluded participation in the Seventh Annual proves it was the correct one. The San Francisco Festival has grown in stature year by year, attracting both wider patronage and better films. Though modest by European standards, it now ranks with Berlin, Cannes, and Venice in the official hierarchy of major festivals. Each year it brings to San Francisco in increasing numbers the international delegates who are the heart of any festival. This year saw delegations in attendance from nine foreign countries, including Argentina, India, Japan, Korea, and the USSR.

And so, after five years, Hollywood has come around. Columbia, distributor of *The Victors*, not only furnished the film but Foreman himself and a proper galaxy of stars; it also underwrote the expenses of a considerable press corps that junketed to San Francisco to cover the opening. Soon afterward, Arthur Freed, president of the Academy and production head of MGM, promised industry support of future San Francisco Festivals—with no strings attached.

There is a double significance here, for Freed is undoubtedly aware that the industry's standard excuse for nonparticipation in American festivals (in San Francisco or anywhere else) has traditionally been that it might detract from the standing of its own Academy Awards. Despite the fact that there is an obvious and glaring difference between the purposes of the festivals and of the Academy, this dogmatism in the manger has persisted. Probably the traditional rivalry between Los Angeles and her sister to the north has not helped either.

With the establishment of a film festival in New York and a healthier foundation for the one in San Francisco (and, it might be added, a serious interest in the medium on the part of the organizers of the National Cultural Center in Washington), some of the cultural lag that has always surrounded the motion picture in this country is beginning to disappear. At the festivals, films are presented as an art, not a commodity. It has always been a strange irony that the United States, which contributed so importantly to the development of that art, prefers to accent solely the commercial aspect of movies. Festivals here at home, with Hollywood's participation and cooperation, may help to shift that balance.

NOT included in this year's San Francisco Festival, but definitely a festival film, is Ben Maddow's New York-based *Affair of the Skin*. For this account of a man (Kevin McCarthy) reluctantly approaching middle age—lost, committed to a wife he does not love, unwilling and unable to commit himself to anything beyond that—breaks new ground for American film-makers. It enters into areas and relationships more often explored by the Europeans and has the European single point of view and an individual style. Although not consistently successful, it is constantly fresh and challenging, with truly notable performances from Viveca Lindfors, Herbert Berghof, and Diana Sands. At a festival, *Affair of the Skin* would not merely be seen; it would be *discussed*—which is still another reason for having festivals. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.



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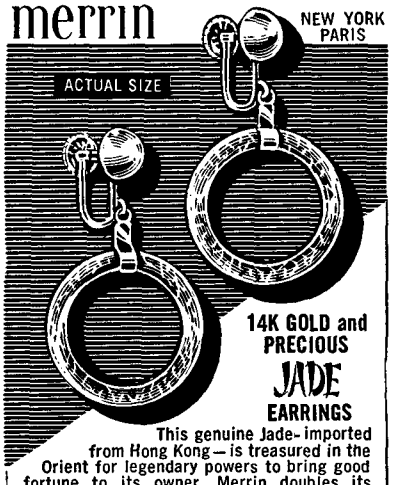

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TV AND RADIO

How to Offend Everybody

LONDON.

THE BBC's late Saturday night satirical revue, *That Was the Week That Was*, is also called *TWTWTW* or *TW3* for short. Mention the program to anyone here and you'll probably be told that "the most controversial program in the history of television" is slipping. The first two programs of the new fall season were reported to have had audiences of approximately 9,000,000 viewers. At its peak, when the show left the air last spring, it had an audience of close to 13,000,000 viewers (one-third the adult population of the British Isles).

Conversation about the no-holds-barred, virtually-anything-goes show can turn into a game of guessing the reasons for the dip in ratings. *TW3* has been "tamed" by the BBC's Board of Governors; the novelty has worn off; the producers and performers have inevitably gone stale; current politics in the United Kingdom is far funnier than anything the bright young people of the show can invent; and, finally, it's fashionable among angry young men this season to be anti an anti-Establishment program, whereas last season it was fashionable merely to be anti-Establishment.

Results of my own tiny sampling of public opinion among friends, hotel personnel, taxi drivers, chauffeurs, and salespeople suggest that *TW3*—fangs drawn or not—is still widely viewed. I watched one recent program at the home of a friend who is a *TW3* fan. The show gave me no offense. I suspect, however, that most of its songs and sketches could never get by network censors in the U.S. (nor would they be performed on any noncommercial station). The general tone of the show is what Americans would call "collegiate humor." Some of the material was clever and enjoyable; most of it (like most college humor) missed. The performers were attractive and literate—if rather on the level of talented campus amateurs, by American standards.

I found them skeptical of authority rather than cynical, engaged in a refreshing breach of the starched morality of television entertainment. The show is played before a studio audience which is stacked; tickets are mostly distributed to friends of the cast to insure the required level of sophistication to enjoy the jokes and allusions. In the absence of American-style canned laughter, I thought the studio response was poor, but a member of the cast told me afterwards that the studio audience was unusually good that night. Cameras show the other cameras in an atmosphere of easy informality. I was reminded of the old Garroway shows from Chicago in the early days of American television.

Further resemblance to American programs stops at the content frontier. Millicent Martin, the only girl in the show, sang "Virgins Anonymous," a ditty about an organization whose functions parallel those of Alcoholics Anonymous. David Frost, the M.C., attacked by monologue the government's financial support of the building of a new Cunard ocean liner as a Tory trick to win votes in the coming elections. The Church was twitted on its great wealth. Mayfair was told to prepare for Frank Sinatra's "crap," after the singer had been forced to divest himself of his gambling interests in Las Vegas. Selwyn Lloyd was described as having been "raised from the dead" to be the new Leader of the House. The M.C. reported on a new contraceptive pill and announced that he was increasing his investment in baby foods. The fight against juvenile delinquency had its place in the sun; what was now needed, the program announced, was a Committee on Senile Delinquency. Older people were growing younger every day; there had been a tremendous increase in postmarital intercourse, which was unfair to children: we need chastity after wedlock.

If this sounds shocking to American viewers, whose television comes strong on violence but weak on sex, it should be remembered that all of the above is considered tame by veteran viewers of *TW3*, who can recall a famous "Filth Week" in the program's first season. There was also a "Politics Week" that rocked the Commons with outraged protests by Members of Parliament over "breaches of privilege."

TW3 has caused many a headache for the BBC's Board of Governors, but it still has the enthusiastic backing of Mr. Hugh Carleton Greene, the Director-General, who originally inspired the program. A foreign dignitary is alleged to have remarked to the Director-General: "This program offends everybody. How can you do it?" To which the Director-General is said to have replied: "Damn it, if you can't offend people on Saturday night, when can you offend them?" —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Life Goes on in Gibbsville

OF AMERICAN fiction writers who can be taken seriously, John O'Hara has recently been by thousands of words the most productive. Since the end of 1960 he has published two novels, *The Big Laugh* and *Elizabeth Appleton*, and three collections of short stories. Two of the collections, *Assembly* (SR, Nov. 25, 1961) and *The Cape Cod Lighter*, have now been brought together in a Modern Library Giant, *49 Stories* (Random House, $3.95), with an introduction by John K. Hutchens, and the new volume, *The Hat on the Bed* (Random House, $5.95), has just been published. We have a total of seventy-three stories—to say nothing of the two novels—in three years.

The critic is naturally suspicious of so prolific a writer, but the fact is that as a writer of short stories O'Hara is at his best. He is so good, indeed, that Hutchens asks indignantly why his eminence is not more generally recognized. (O'Hara came close to asking the same question in his speech accepting the National Book Award in 1955.) The answer, of course, is that what he does well is not much admired these days by the men and women who have most to do with the forming of literary taste, whereas the kinds of fiction these people do value highly lie outside his interests or beyond his capacities, or both.

The Hat on the Bed once more exhibits O'Hara's gifts, which we should do well to examine. To begin with, he has had a somewhat wider experience of American life than have most of his contemporaries. His boyhood in a small Pennsylvania city, Pottsville, which in his fiction he calls Gibbsville, gave him an opportunity to observe some highly representative American institutions, and this experience makes itself felt in some of his latest stories, just as it did in his first and best novel, *Appointment in Samarra* (1934), and as it has done in much of the work that has intervened. But he has also known Broadway and Hollywood, and he has frequented the gathering places of the affluent, of whom I suppose he is one. He is, one might say, a small-town boy who has been around.

And, wherever he has been, he has used his eyes. No one has ever denied that he is an extraordinarily keen and careful observer, a social historian of a high order. Documentation, indeed, is what spoils several of his recent novels as novels, though it makes them useful for future students of our mores. Neither the literary critic nor the average reader may be passionately interested in the social structure of Gibbsville, but we all recognize that O'Hara speaks with authority. When he names a make of car or a brand of luggage or a variety of wearing apparel, we can be sure that he has the right article in the right place at the right time. Moreover, since his ear is as good as his eye, his dialogue has a degree of authenticity that, I think, neither Ring Lardner nor Sinclair Lewis, both of whom were tempted into exaggeration, could consistently equal.

What bothers me about the novels is that O'Hara so often seems to be introducing details because he loves them for their own sake. In most of the short stories, on the other hand, the form itself compels him to use details for the sake of revealing character. Take, for instance, "Agatha," the first story in *The Hat on the Bed*, a portrait of an actress whose faculties are declining. O'Hara has done this sort of thing before, but I think he has never made each stroke count so heavily. This is only one of several stories presenting persons who are feeling the burdens of age, and in almost all of them O'Hara shows a greater depth of feeling than I once would have thought him capable of. "The Friends of Miss Julia," for example, "The Windowpane Check," and "The Manager" are truly touching, and yet one would spot them anywhere as typical O'Hara stories.

Finally, something has to be said about O'Hara as a craftsman, as the "master" that Hutchens calls him. Whether he is writing a long and complicated story such as "Ninety Minutes Away," or a short, tricky story such as "Our Friend the Sea" and "The Twinkle in His Eye," he has his form completely under control. He can be perfectly straightforward, or he can juggle with the point of view, as he does in "Teddy and His Special Friends." He

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can carry a story through a period of decades without once letting the pace slow down. I didn't mean that every story is a masterpiece or that all the stories are equally good, but merely that O'Hara always knows what he is doing.

What, then, is lacking? To begin with, O'Hara is strictly confined within the limits of realism. There is never the element of fantasy one finds in such stories of Bernard Malamud's as "Angel Levine" and "Idiots First." There is never the kind of surrealistic effect often achieved by Malamud, by Flannery O'Connor, by John Cheever, by John Updike, and by many others. There is not even the intensification of realism that gives Ernest Hemingway's "The Big Two-Hearted River," for example, or Eudora Welty's "A Worn Path" a ritualistic tone. I am by no means suggesting that O'Hara's work is all on the surface, that there are no depths, no subtleties; but I do not find in his writing qualities that I do find in that of Faulkner, Hemingway, Eudora Welty, Malamud, Flannery O'Connor, and, in fact, most of the short-story writers who interest me.

In the second place, O'Hara's emotional range is limited. He can write well about ambition, pride, disappointment, greed, hard-heartedness, romantic love, and grief. He is not, as he once seemed to be, without compassion. But there is no horror in his stories: one cannot imagine his writing such a story as William Faulkner's "That Evening Sun," or Flannery O'Connor's "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," or Bernard Malamud's "The German Refugee." There is no wild humor, either, such as often broke out in Faulkner, such as one finds in some of Eudora Welty's stories. And there is little mystery: in O'Hara's world things are pretty generally what they seem.

I believe that in the house of fiction, if the paraphrase is not blasphemous, there are many mansions; and I grant that O'Hara's work is valid and deserves the admiration it receives in many quarters. I would by no means rule him out of account because his kind of realism is currently unfashionable. But I cannot deny that other kinds of writing interest and excite me more and seem to me to hold out larger possibilities for the future. Within his limits O'Hara has achieved such mastery that he can turn out a good story every two or three weeks, and it is probable that if he tried to do something else, he would make a mess of it. That, however, does not alter the fact that there are other things which are better worth doing, and that other writers are doing them.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

BOOKS IN THE NEWS

The Big Problems of a Small Planet

***Can American Democracy Survive Cold War?**, by Harry Howe Ransom (Doubleday. 270 pp. $4.50), **Change, Hope, and the Bomb**, by David E. Lilienthal (Princeton University Press. 168 pp. $3.50), and **A Warless World**, edited by Arthur Larson (McGraw-Hill. 209 pp. $4.95), consider some of the problems of a society living under a nuclear sword of Damocles. Richard Hudson is editor of the magazine War/Peace Report, a monthly periodical.*

By RICHARD HUDSON

WRITING of the behind-the-scenes atmosphere of the Kennedy Administration, James Reston of the New York *Times* recently observed, "For the first time since the war one begins to hear doubts that mortal men are capable of solving or even controlling the political, social and economic problems life has placed before them."

This feeling exists, Reston reports, despite some obvious progress with the Cold War, the American economy, and the race problem. One might speculate that such sensations of uneasiness would naturally follow in the wake of small, desperate victories in a great, long struggle. The exhilaration of battle is gone—and the awesomeness of the whole job is again depressingly evident. At such times those outside of government (including many who have had previous experience inside) may be helpful in pointing to sensible new directions. They may have an objectivity of viewpoint, and time for thought, that are not possible for those under daily political fire. The authors of these three books all seek to play this constructive role.

The most circumscribed in his approach is Harry Howe Ransom, a political scientist at Vanderbilt University, who asks: Can American Democracy Survive Cold War? He is particularly concerned about whether, with the tendencies toward secrecy in government brought about by the Cold War, the ordinary citizen is receiving enough information to take his traditional part in a democracy. On the other hand, Ransom wonders how far the government can go in giving out information without compromising military security. In general, he concludes that the government should go a good deal further than it does in informing the citizen.

Ransom launches his study with a detailed history of the relationship between the Executive branch and the military establishment, and of the long and bitter process of unification of the services. Then he takes up the bewildering question of how government bureaucracy grinds out a defense budget. There is, of course, tremendous pulling and hauling from all directions for this tithe of our national treasure, but the two main camps are the "requirements-firsters" and the "budget-firsters." The former tend to exaggerate the capabilities and intentions of a potential enemy, and end up with a high figure. The latter cite waste in military expenditure, worry about high taxes, and end up with a lower figure. The confused citizen may be moved to accept the statement, quoted by Ransom, of General J. Lawton Collins, now chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, before a Senate committee in 1960: "I doubt personally that anyone knows exactly what we are buying with our budget."

The most interesting part of Ransom's book covers the Central Intelligence Agency and other intelligence-gathering bodies. The CIA alone, he reports, accounts for "an estimated 15,000 employees and an annual expenditure of perhaps $750,000,000." The citizen is scarcely reassured when this statement is placed beside such others as this: "The available record suggests the shocking fact that neither the President, the Secretary of State, nor the Secretary of Defense knew on May 1, 1960, that our U-2 pilot was in the air over the Soviet Union." And this: "While there was much speculation, after Cuba [Bay of Pigs], about reconstituting CIA as an exclusively information-gathering agency, assigning clandestine political and paramilitary missions elsewhere, such radical surgery apparently has not been performed as of the end of 1962."

Among other remedies Mr. Ransom suggests that the secrecy guidelines be changed so as to make more information available; that the State Department be strengthened so as to put the intelligence operation in its proper place, and that a Joint Congressional Commit-

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tee on Foreign Intelligence be created to oversee the intelligence operation.

To the question posed in his title, the author gives neither a flat "yes" or "no" answer. He concludes: "Defense and democracy can be made mutually compatible—but only if democratic man carefully shapes his governmental institutions and policies to meet the real needs of a world in revolution."

David E. Lilienthal, in *Change, Hope, and the Bomb,* delivers a fervent testimonial to his belief that "Change" is the "Hope" of man in dealing with "the Bomb." He is eloquent when he cites the many "impossible" situations he has seen set aright by man's persistent efforts. However, he takes a dim view of "Great Plans or Final Solutions." Instead, he urges what he calls "the technique of the manageable job."

He clearly does not see disarmament negotiations with the Soviet Union as a "manageable job." "All other considerations aside," he says, "the absence of Red China from these discussions makes them a futile exercise. The Russian leaders are not fools, nor are our own. Do we expect the Russians to agree to any significant reduction in their military strength through a process that binds them and us but not the aggressive Chinese? Would *we*, on our side, wish to be similarly committed?"

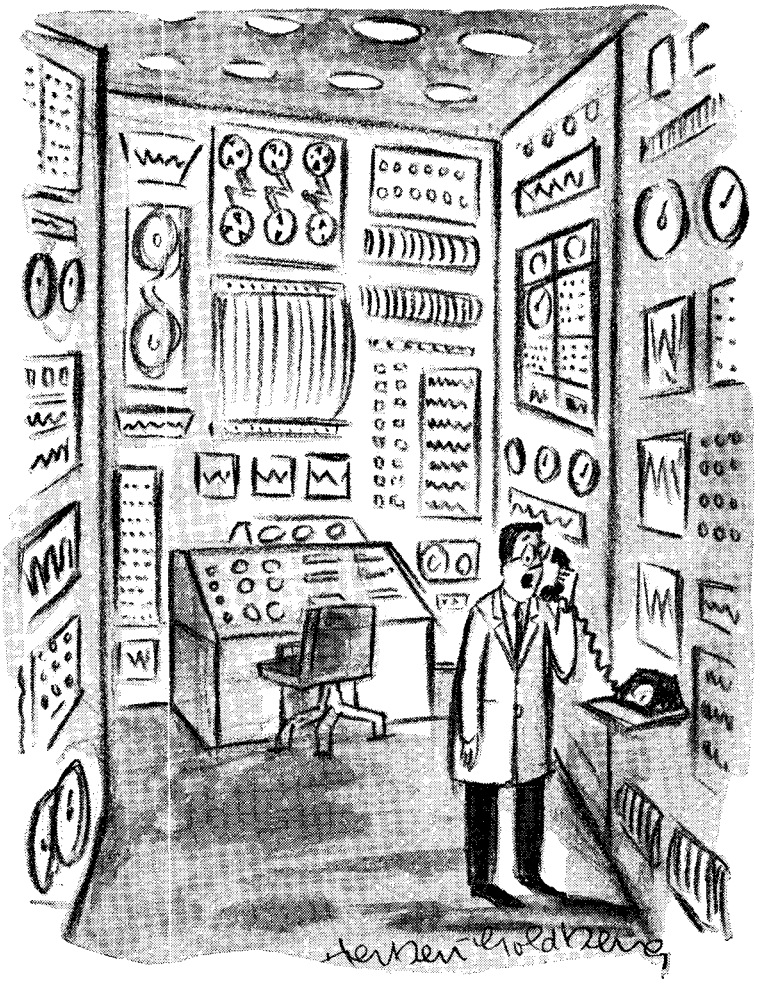
One might logically expect a pragmatist such as Lilienthal to proceed from this point to suggesting inclusion of the Red Chinese in the disarmament talks. This might be accomplished without getting into the more difficult problems of diplomatic recognition of Peking or its admission to the United Nations. The Geneva Eighteen Nation Disarmament Committee might, for example, be expanded to a twenty-nation body by adding one Western-oriented power, perhaps Australia or Japan, and one Communist power, mainland China. If the invitation to Mao Tse-tung were issued in a joint letter from President Kennedy and Chairman Khrushchev, thus acknowledging China's power status, it might be accepted—and that "manageable job" accomplished.

Lilienthal concludes, however, that the negotiations "have not improved the prospects for avoiding nuclear war but have instead subtracted from the prospects of peace." He does not seem to perceive that, glacierlike though it may be, some progress toward a disarmament consensus actually has been made. For example, it required six years, from 1946 to 1952, for nations to realize the obvious fact that conventional and nuclear arms could not be dealt with separately in two commissions, and that the two groups should be combined into one. To get even a partial nuclear test ban needed five years of hard negotiations, from 1958 to 1963.

While Lilienthal is not convincing in his denunciation of efforts aimed at arms control and disarmament, he is persuasive in his call to build a world community. He stresses the importance of international commerce, but also urges "international health and food programs; international science; education; the economic development of the underdeveloped nations; international developments of unity among religious groups once disunited or bitterly antagonistic."

In the middle of the book, sandwiched between his broad policy suggestions, Lilienthal writes provocatively of matters close to his own experience. He accuses scientists (Herman Kahn in particular) of playing "intellectual ping pong," and concludes that they are "just as clear-headed and just as bone-headed as any of us laymen can ever be." Concerning peaceful uses of nuclear energy, the former Atomic Energy Commission chairman declares that the expected revolution in power has not occurred, and he suggests that "Congress consider the atomic energy program as one good place to begin to cut back sharply, to make more brains available to some of the presently starved civilian areas of science and technology." In particular, he assails the AEC's plan to build ten to twelve nuclear power plants during the next dozen years, calling this "irresponsible" until safe methods have been developed to handle waste disposal.

One of the boldest books to come forth in a long time on the Bomb problem—and all the other problems that go along with it—is *A Warless World,* in which Arthur Larson, former assistant to President Eisenhower and present head of the World Rule of Law Center at Duke University, has rounded up a formidable array of thinkers from diverse backgrounds and asked them to contemplate how the world might operate *after disarmament had been successfully achieved.* The book includes a foreword by U Thant and contributions from Kenneth E. Boulding, Grenville Clark, William Ernest Hocking, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, Judd Marmor, M.D., Margaret Mead, Walter Millis, Jules Moch, Louis B. Sohn, Arnold Toynbee, and James J. Wadsworth. Portions of the book first appeared in *SR* (May 12, Sept. 15, Oct.



"Judy, I'm lonely!"

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6, Nov. 17, 1962; Feb. 16, June 1, June 22, 1963). In addition, as a thirty-three-page appendix, there is a record of a discussion held in Moscow among a group of prominent Russians from various fields on their views of a disarmed world.

The writers proceed from a hypothetical situation in which the essence of the current U.S. program for disarmament has been accomplished. National arms throughout the world have been reduced to the level of police forces for internal order; there is an internationally administered force stronger than any combination of national forces that might be aligned against it; peace-keeping and dispute-settling systems have been established.

The contributors generally agree that such a world is a practical possibility, that great problems would still remain once it were reached, and that the limited degree of law and order must allow for change at the same time that it provides world security. Change could be accomplished by elections, legislation, negotiation, coups, revolutions, nonviolent resistance, and other means —but not by external interference.

"Revolutionaries, for example," writes Millis, "would have less chance of acquiring small arms, financial and propaganda support from outside powers than they have today. At the same time, they would have less to fear from outside intervention." However, as Larson points out, "Even a small international war under disarmament conditions would be intolerable, because of the well-known proclivity of small wars to grow into big wars."

Before they have finished, the experts have discussed the legal, technological, political, military, economic, demographic, psychological, and even the spiritual problems of warlessness. On the ideological struggle Larson makes this point: "Since in a warless world any nation will have to rely much more on the kind of parliamentary procedures familiar to democratic countries, it would seem to follow that nations skilled in these procedures would enjoy a considerable advantage over nations which have become accustomed to getting results in other ways."

The Russian discussion of a warless world is particularly illuminating. This reviewer has not seen anything comparable to it in print elsewhere. The participants make clear that the Soviet Union is not ready to agree to the establishment of peace-keeping machinery of the kind used as a basis for the discussions in the book. Such a degree of world authority, the Russians say, would violate the sovereign equality of all countries. When differences arise in a disarmed world, one Russian said, "The states will be faced with the following alternatives: either no solution of the disputes arising between them, or settlement by peaceful diplomatic and legal methods." Here, it is apparent, is a basically different approach from that of the West; in fact, it may be the crux of the whole disarmament problem.

The meaty content of this volume has been only lightly sampled in this review. The authors have not by any means solved all the problems they have considered, but they have made commendable intellectual thrusts at the frontiers of human society. It is to be hoped that this book will be widely read, and that others will carry on where these contributors leave off.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1060

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1060 will be found in the next issue.

MCMPRDHM TSO FSZMHF SF FXMHFR-ELCM. FTM GLEEL-WVZFR LO FD TSCM LF SF ELEFR.

GMASO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1059

Vice stirs up war; virtue fights.
—VAUVENARGUES.

Around the World with Portfolio

Looking Outward: Years of Crisis at the United Nations, *by Adlai E. Stevenson, edited by Robert L. and Selma Schiffer (Harper & Row. 295 pp. $5), addressed to a world in transition, helps set the record straight for Americans and other peoples. Kenneth W. Thompson is author of "Political Realism and the Crisis of World Politics."*

By KENNETH W. THOMPSON

THE MELANCHOLY fate of most collections of speeches is rapid obsolescence, as one era's dominant themes become another's minor concerns. It goes without saying that time alone will judge the timelessness of Ambassador Adlai Stevenson's addresses and papers forged in the early 1960s in the fires of successive crises and threats to the peace.

As this country's principal spokesman at the United Nations, he is daily called upon to explain, defend, and harmonize American goals and purposes with those of the rest of the world. From the evidence at hand, the tentative verdict must be that on balance he has served us well, whether as the doughty and tireless foe of international communism, speaking out in righteous indignation against Soviet stealth in placing missiles in Cuba, or as the prophet of a fitfully emerging international community.

The acid test for Ambassador Stevenson's words is the present crisis. Notwithstanding the fabric of common interests of the peoples of the world, we continue to live in "a restless, teeming, volatile, frequently quarrelsome open society of nation-states." Until recent days, the Cold War competition of East and West has dominated the scene; new rivalries within the Communist bloc have not eliminated but merely complicated and spread the risks. While safeguarding American security interests, the American spokesman must "talk sense" to the leaders of the more than two score new nations arising from the ashes of former colonial empires. In all that he says and does the U.N. Ambassador addresses himself to multiple audiences: his nation, which looks for a champion; its rivals, who must be neither tempted by weakness nor resigned to a collision course, and a multitude of fledgling states, oftentimes preoccupied with pressing local problems, sometimes at the expense of paramount global problems affecting war and peace. The United Nations, which was established as political machinery to enable the great powers to police the world, has become a stage on which new and ancient states are shaping a modern international order. An international security system has been broadened to assist new states in the transition from tutelage to full independence. With an agenda of 100 items, 111 nations are involved in 11,000 decisions in a single session of the United Nations. Almost a billion people have gained independence since World War II. Only 2 per

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cent remain subject to former colonial rule.

The statesman who would speak to a world in transition must reach peoples where they are. The new states seek allies with common interests in their movement for self-determination. They should be reminded of the American Revolution, and should hear again the words of Thomas Jefferson and Woodrow Wilson. Moreover, leaders of the emerging states who seek to retain their power must foster genuine economic and social development. They should know of continuing American friendship, expressed in $53 billion of aid since the war to the nations of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. In the clamor of charge and countercharge about world dominion, they may have forgotten that the United States in 1945, at the height of its power, dismantled its mightiest military force, cut defense spending by $70 billion, slashed the armed forces from twelve million to one and a half million men, and was left without a single military alliance or a single division in a state of combat readiness. Then, in 1946, we offered to transfer the control of atomic energy to the United Nations. All of us, including those who only recently have moved onto the stage of world responsibility, need to reread and ponder this record. Mr. Stevenson has sketched with bold and vivid strokes its essentials, helping to set the record straight for ourselves and our friends abroad.

No one can claim omniscience in foreign relations; its problems tend to make pygmies of us all. Ambassador Stevenson is not immune from the limitations of statesmanship; if he has been a prophetic voice on some issues, such as a nuclear test ban, his vision has been less steady on other events, perhaps including the growing rift within the Communist world. History abounds with examples of far-reaching developments that caught even the most experienced observers by surprise. Neither Benjamin Franklin nor Frederick the Great anticipated the approaching French Revolution. In fairness, *Looking Outward* reflects day-by-day concerns within and outside the United Nations.

The full scope of Mr. Stevenson's view of the world would require a broader canvas in time and place. What is most remarkable is the fact that, even as professional advocate and defender of American foreign policy and of the United Nations, his words have enduring value. His speeches and papers, especially those on disarmament, outer space, and Soviet missiles, are thoughts quickened by crisis. They retain unmistakable timeliness, whether or not history judges them to be for the ages.

Advocate for Pan-Africanism

Africa Must Unite, *by Kwame Nkrumah (Praeger. 229 pp. $5.95), claims that only a single, continent-embracing state can resist the pressures of the "imperialist" West toward keeping the former colonies in economic subjection. Charles Miller is a free-lance writer who specializes in African affairs.*

By CHARLES MILLER

IT ISN'T easy to be objective about Kwame Nkrumah, Africa's high priest of chip-on-the-shoulder nonalignment. Since his country became independent in 1957, the Ghana strongman has seemed to be driven by an ungovernable compulsion to alienate himself from the good will of the free world. The active expressions of his policies—the self-canonization in his innumerable grandiose titles and the streets and institutions bearing his name; the strident, demagogic threats at "freedom" conferences in Accra, Cairo, and Belgrade; the ruthless suppression of opposition throughout Ghana; the quasi-subversive Congo adventures in support of the deranged Lumumba; the incredibly naïve flirtations with Iron Curtain countries—have hardly won him a niche as a champion of democratic ideals.

Even so, only a hypocrite can ignore the plus side of the Nkrumah ledger. In turning his country, single-handedly, from the catalepsy of a torpid colonial backwater into the bracing breeze of dynamic, youthful independence, Nkrumah has demonstrated qualities of courage, imagination, and leadership that are rare even among the statesmen of "civilized" countries. If he often behaves like a male Madame Nhu, it must also be remembered that in the space of less than a decade he has given his once-subservient people a self-respect they may never have dreamed themselves capable of. And while he himself acknowledges a formidable collection of enemies among his fellow African heads of state, there is hardly one of these leaders whose nation's independence was achieved without assistance or inspiration from the thrusts of Nkrumah's political spearhead in the vanguard of the African nationalist revolution.

But independence *per se* means little to Nkrumah. In his view, Africa's new nations will be scarcely more than farcical banana republics unless they can come together, politically and economically, as a single, continent-embracing state. This is the theme he sets forth in *Africa Must Unite*, a lucid and largely convincing expression of the dream that has shaped all his public acts, honorable and petty alike, ever since he entered the no-holds-barred arena of African politics.

Nkrumah, of course, didn't invent pan-Africanism, nor did the idea even originate in Africa. It was conceived more than half a century ago by the American Negro leader W. E. B. DuBois, and has since been expounded with great force by many African and American public figures—notably Marcus A. Garvey, whose mountebankery must have set the goal back at least fifty years, and the late George Padmore, who probably erased the bad taste left by Garvey and restored the concept to respectability. But Nkrumah has surely done more to further the pan-African cause than anyone, and if the idea is regarded today as an attainable objective, it is due in large measure to his tireless and articulate advocacy.

The major thesis Nkrumah advances in stressing the urgent need for pan-African unity is an all but elementary lesson in the economics of necessity. The *sine qua non* of any nation's progress and well-being today, he points out, is industrialization, which in turn calls for astronomical amounts of capital. However, newly independent, underdeveloped countries are not only unable to prime their industrial pumps alone, but they can't rely on outside economic aid. For even if the latter comes without strings attached, it won't be of the sort that stimulates productivity. Africa has always been looked on primarily as a source of raw materials and a market for finished goods—essentially a supplier and buyer rather than a producer. If the former European empires have relinquished their colonies, they haven't changed the structure of their economies, and will not encourage their customers to become their competitors.

Nkrumah doesn't even mention economic aid from the Communist bloc, and while this a glaring omission it isn't necessarily serious—although it would be interesting to have Nkrumah's com-

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ments, to compare with the charges of "neo-colonialism" that spring to his mind like a conditioned reflex whenever he discusses relations with the West. In any event, his point—and he makes it quite well—is that Africa's new nations, although they wear the trappings of sovereignty, remain in bondage because they have no control over their economic destinies. He sees only one way out of the dilemma: a pooling of resources that will not only make possible continent-wide industrialization but will also, through the sinews of unity, give Africa a bargaining position of equal strength with the great powers. And this integration, he declares, can only be achieved politically: "Such effective economic links . . . are impossible to establish without sound political direction to give them force and purpose."

Aside from his apparent reluctance to place Communist ambitions in the spotlight, the most conspicuous fault Nkrumah displays in *Africa Must Unite* is his characteristic suspicion of the former colonial powers (and the U.S.)—a distrust that borders on the pathological. While there is substance in much of what he has to say against reliance on Western aid, the argument becomes downright ludicrous when he describes this assistance as the instrument of a deliberate plot to keep Africa forever subject. He sees a neo-colonialist under every bed, and refuses to credit the West with any motive other than predatory venality. Nor does his attitude toward his fellow African leaders seem designed to nourish harmony: he makes it abundantly clear that those who don't share wholeheartedly his doctrinaire, militant outlook are somehow suspect and therefore stooges, unwitting or otherwise, of the imperialists. (Small wonder that he was so roundly repudiated last May, at the all-Africa summit conference in Addis Ababa, by such tools of the white man as Guinea's Touré, Mali's Keita, Cameroon's Ahidjo, Tanganyika's Nyerere, Nigeria's Tafawa Balewa, and Ethiopia's Haile Selassie.)

YET, although Nkrumah's frequent lapses into hysterical sloganeering do his argument a great deal of harm, he nonetheless manages to present the case for pan-African unity with compelling clarity. For there can be little quarrel with his basic contention that, in order to make its voice heard in world councils, Africa must indeed unite. Whether she does or not is another matter; but if the continent's newborn nations can't find some way of presenting a common political and economic front, it is more than likely Nkrumah's predictions of squalor, ignorance, and internecine strife arising from perpetual Balkanization will prove all too tragically accurate.

Tough Young Man from Kenya

***Freedom and After,** by Tom Mboya (Little, Brown. 288 pp. $5.50), combines an account of the youthful leader's rise from tribalism to the Kenya cabinet with an exposition of his political theories. John Hughes wrote "The New Face of Africa."*

By JOHN HUGHES

TOM MBOYA is the Bright Young Man of Africa. In a continent that spawns its nationalist leaders early, he is nevertheless one of the youngest. And his rise from tribal life to political prominence has been meteoric.

When I first met him Mr. Mboya was a little-known trade union leader. He was about to leave Nairobi for a year's scholarship at Oxford and was parrying nasty questions about his "Communist sympathies" put to him by a group of white Kenya reporters. That was in 1955.

Three years later he was presiding over the All-African Peoples Conference in Accra. Today he is a key cabinet minister in a Kenya that is on the brink of independence. There is the prospect that he will succeed Jomo Kenyatta as political leader of the new nation. And he is still only thirty-three years old.

Now he has written an excellent book, which not only tells of the events crammed into those thirty-three years, but gives us valuable clues as to how he might act if he should wield power.

Had there been more careful reading of Kwame Nkrumah's autobiography on the eve of Ghana's independence in 1957, there might have been less misunderstanding about Ghana's course in the years since. Dr. Nkrumah wrote at that time: "Even a system based on social justice and a democratic constitution may need backing up during the period following independence by emergency measures of a totalitarian kind. Without discipline true freedom cannot survive."

There are similar warnings in the Mboya book of what may transpire in Kenya. Like many another African nationalist, Mr. Mboya is clearly suspicious of the effect of two-party systems and parliamentary institutions when transported to Africa. "The safeguards for democracy in Africa lie elsewhere," he writes. "They rest upon the integrity of the leaders. . . ."

He has harsh words for some foreign correspondents writing about Africa; and of a Kenya newspaper group he says ominously: "Their present approach to news makes them out of place in a new country like ours." He writes of the Indian community in Kenya: "Those still crouching on the political fence, and perhaps sending their profits out to India, must realize the time is late . . . either you are with us, or you are not even on the field of play." Speaking of the universities, he declares that, while he intends no threat to academic freedom, they must be "attuned to the national mood." And he believes that Kenya's whites should become citizens of the new Kenya, forsaking their British or other nationality, and that "ownership of land must be tied to the taking of citizenship." However, he would give whites three to five years after independence to decide whether to become naturalized.

In addition, there are important chapters that outline Mr. Mboya's philosophy on such issues as socialism, communism, neocolonialism, and neutralism. Like most African nationalists, he comes out strongly for pan-African union. To an East African federation, besides the obvious countries of Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda, he would add Somalia and Ethiopia.

He would take a militant stand on South Africa, train African underground fighters, and, if necessary, send troops. He discusses his attitude towards Communist aid and his stand on the affiliation of African trade unions with the anti-Communist ICFTU (International Confederation of Trade Unions)—an issue that has posed political problems for him and given his enemies material for the charge that he is too "pro-Western."

All this adds up to a series of important policy pronouncements. There will, of course, be criticism. Mr. Mboya is not the darling of Kenya whites. He has been a consistent thorn in the side of Whitehall. Even his fellow Africans will take issue with him on a variety of points. But it is good that he has written bluntly and frankly, so that people may know where he stands. If the picture which emerges is that of a very tough young man, perhaps one should add Mr. Mboya's own estimate of his political approach: "Grow now, smile later."

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FICTION

Franco's Side of the Civil War

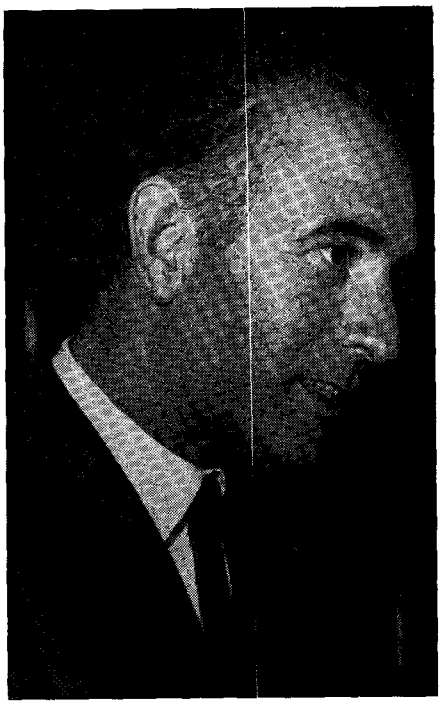
One Million Dead, *by José María Gironella, translated from the Spanish by Joan MacLean (Doubleday. 684 pp. $7.50), a sequel to "The Cypresses Believe in God," caricatures the Spanish Civil War. Robert Payne's "Civil War in Spain 1936-1939" was published last year.*

By ROBERT PAYNE

WHEN José María Gironella published *The Cypresses Believe in God* ten years ago, it was at once evident that a new novelist of quite remarkable power had emerged. The juices flowed; there was the sense of rich and urgent life in his priests and revolutionaries; and the author knew how to paint in the background to the Spanish Civil War with sweeping brush-strokes that gave a sense of epic grandeur to the scene, so that all Spain, not only the small corner of Catalonia where most of the action took place, seemed to be implicated. The novel was a literary event of the first magnitude. One looked forward to the sequel. It seemed impossible that anything could go wrong, for all the gifts had been granted to Gironella in double measure. He had found a style that exactly mirrored his thought, and he had discovered a set of characters perfectly suited to his purpose. The novel ended just as the Civil War begins.

The Cypresses Believe in God was a young man's book: there was sunlight and excitement, and the sense of the coming storm. One had the feeling that it poured out of him steadily, almost happily, even thoughtlessly, for the characters were so real that he had only to describe what he saw in his mind's eye. *One Million Dead* is a disappointment. There is no longer any youthfulness in the writing, and the characters no longer move at their own volition: they have become counters, shadowy emblematic creatures of the author's will.

Perhaps the explanation of the failure can be found in the prefatory note, in which he explains that during the six years he spent writing the book he read a thousand books and pamphlets about the Civil War. Of these books he chooses five for special mention. They



—*Richard Blin.*

José María Gironella—"a failure of nerve."

are Malraux's *Man's Hope*, Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Koestler's *A Spanish Testament*, Bernanos's *The Great Cemeteries Under the Moon*, and Arturo Barea's trilogy *The Forging of a Rebel*. Gironella's comment on them: "They set forth the drama of our country to suit themselves, they abound in folklore, and whenever they resolutely face up to the subject, . . . they are obliged to turn tail. They often sin through unfairness, through arbitrariness, and they arouse a remarkable feeling of discomfort in the informed reader."

The five classic volumes are dismissed with contempt, which might conceivably be excused if Gironella had produced a work of art comparable with them. Instead he has come-forth with a caricature of the Civil War in which everyone on Franco's side is a hero and everyone on the Republican side is a villain or a fool, or worse. Moreover, he has forgotten how to write a novel: In *The Cypresses Believe in God* there were no long explanatory passages describing the historical background: the events flowed from the characters; it was enough that they existed, walked, breathed, loved, hurled themselves on their enemies. We did not need to be told at great length, or any length, about the manifestations of history, since what is important is the manifestation of man. But again and again in *One Million Dead* Gironella insists on providing protracted historical summaries, which read like editorials. Here, for example, he describes the fall of the Basques:

> The consequences of the taking of Bilbao were plain to be seen. Basque Separatism was relegated to exile, even though three of the ministers in the Valencia government were Basques. The Nationalists had won the most important port on the Cantabrian coast and could be sure of liquidating the entire northern front at an early date, after taking Santander and Asturias. Added to that, the conquered region was vital, and the losses of the defeated army rose to some thirty-two thousand active troops, according to the admission of the defending general himself, Gamir Ullibarri. In spite of that and the extent of the spoils, particularly in ships sunk at the river mouth or undergoing repairs in the shipyards, *El Proletario* of Gerona published a bold interpretation of the loss of Bilbao which went like this: "Now we shall be able to concentrate our attention more closely on the other sectors of the war front."

There are perhaps 200 similar expositions, and by the hundredth the weary reader is prepared to fall asleep. The explications are bad enough in themselves, but the rather wooden translation makes them worse.

Gironella describes Madrid during its awful winters in much the same contemptuous, editorializing vein, with scarcely a character permitted to proclaim his existence: they are seen through mists, *en masse*, moving like wraiths in their hunger. Whatever crimes were committed by Malraux, Hemingway, Koestler, Bernanos, and Barea, they never saw men as masses, and they never resorted to caricature. Gironella has invented two left-wing reporters, Fanny and Raymond, who are introduced as comic relief. They blunder through Fascist Spain and blunder out again, and no doubt we are supposed to laugh, but instead they move us to tears. The great battles—Madrid, Teruel, the Ebro crossing—are described with a curious unreality, as though they happened somewhere else, at another time, in another world. Franco appears rarely. His most memorable appearance indeed comes at the very end of the book:

> The *caudillo* was suffering from an attack of grippe, but was working in his office. In the middle of the afternoon, one of his colleagues quickly

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went in to see him and pass on the news that had come from the General Staff. "The final objectives have been occupied. The war is over."

The *caudillo* did not move. "All right, very good. Many thanks," he replied. And went on working.

The *caudillo* did not move. . . . That, of course, is the trouble with the *caudillo*, and it is also the trouble with this novel, which is cold and glassy-eyed and faintly sinister, because it is always sinister when great opportunities are not grasped. On the evidence of *The Cypresses Believe in God*, Gironella could have written a novel of enduring worth. Instead he produced a bitter and maudlin political tract.

There is no reason on earth why a great novel should not come out of Fascist Spain, for the Left has no monopoly of talent. But the failure of *A Million Dead* has little to do with the political atmosphere in which it was written. Essentially it is a failure of nerve, which is all the more tragic because Gironella showed such astonishing power in the past. Yet I suspect that he will emerge from the doldrums and one day make us grateful again.

South of the Border Affairs

***The Three Marias**, by Rachel de Queiroz, translated from the Portuguese by Fred P. Ellison (University of Texas Press. 178 pp. $4), sees men through the eyes of a young girl looking for love. William L. Grossman has translated works by the Brazilian satirist Machado de Assis.*

By WILLIAM L. GROSSMAN

THIS short novel, the first by the popular Brazilian writer Rachel de Queiroz (born 1910) to be translated into English, is regarded by some as her finest work. It provides an excellent example of the simplicity and clarity of her style and of the understanding with which she portrays young women.

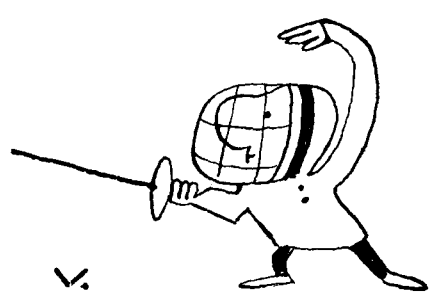
Written in the first person by Maria Augusta, the daughter (like Miss Queiroz) of a ranch-owner in the backlands of the Brazilian northeast, the narrative follows the girl's life from the age of twelve in a convent boarding school in the city of Fortaleza (Miss Queiroz also attended such a school) through her early experiences with men. One of these experiences involves the suicide, ostensibly because of hopeless love for Maria, of a young boy who has never told her of his affection. Maria reacts with pity and indignation: "What right did he have to wound my spirit? . . . In truth, *I* was *his* victim."

The other two experiences are somewhat banal: the heroine's abortive infatuation with a middle-aged artist and her first consummated love affair, with a young Rumanian doctor on a beach in Rio de Janeiro. But the integrity of the book is saved by the candor with which Maria's feelings are conveyed and by her thoughtful and sometimes morbid reflections on almost everything that happens to her.

Throughout the book there are provocative observations, some of them with the ring of profundity. For example: "Children are as ferocious, heartless, and unbending as savages. They understand and love innocence less than anyone. I who was fourteen years old did not understand it; and it seems to me that innocence, simplicity, are refinements of soul that are already much advanced along the road to perfection." And there is genuine pathos, as in the reaction of a little girl to her older sister's elopement from the convent school: "What hurt her the most, her sole complaint, was that her sister had not said good-bye to her."

Although the charm, thoughtfulness, and psychological intensity of *The Three Marias* should appeal to every sensitive reader, much of the book will doubtless "come home" to women more than to men. In view of the nature and interests of the first-person narrator, this is almost inevitable. Maria sees men through the specialized eyes of a young girl looking for love and sometimes—perhaps here Miss Queiroz must share the responsibility with Maria—through the lens of literary convention.

Fred P. Ellison, an authority on Brazilian literature, translated the book with loving care and has provided an informative introduction.



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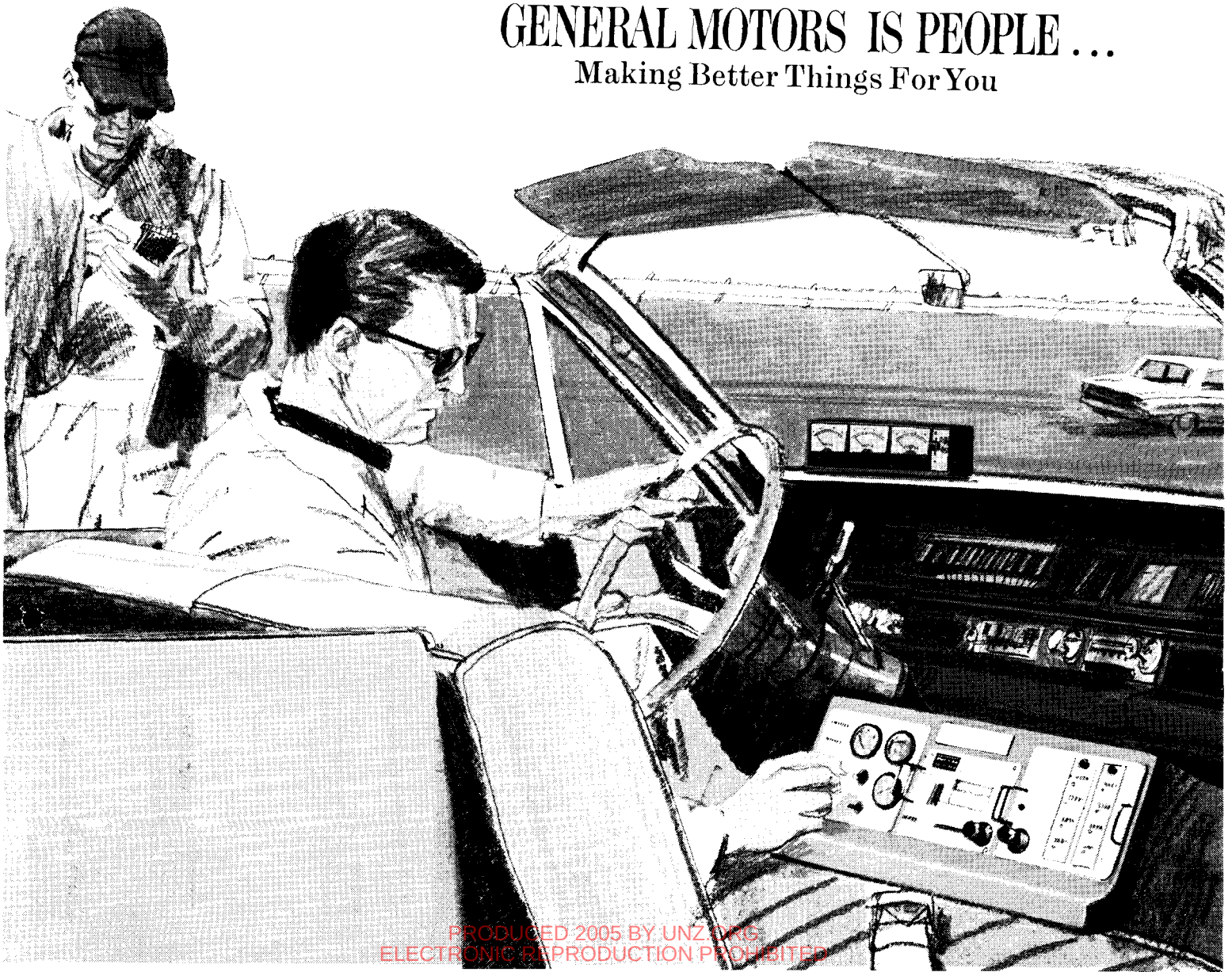

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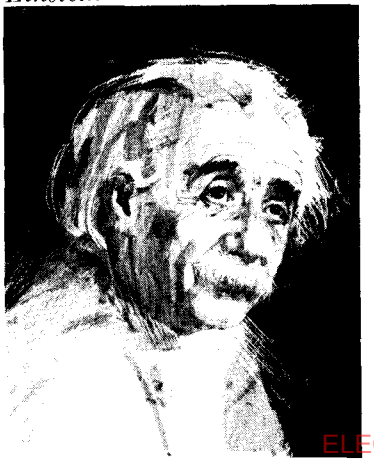
BREAKTHROUGH

$E=mc^2$

Photograph of Veil Nebula in Constellation Cygnus © California Institute of Technology

Einstein



He gave to man the energy secret of the stars

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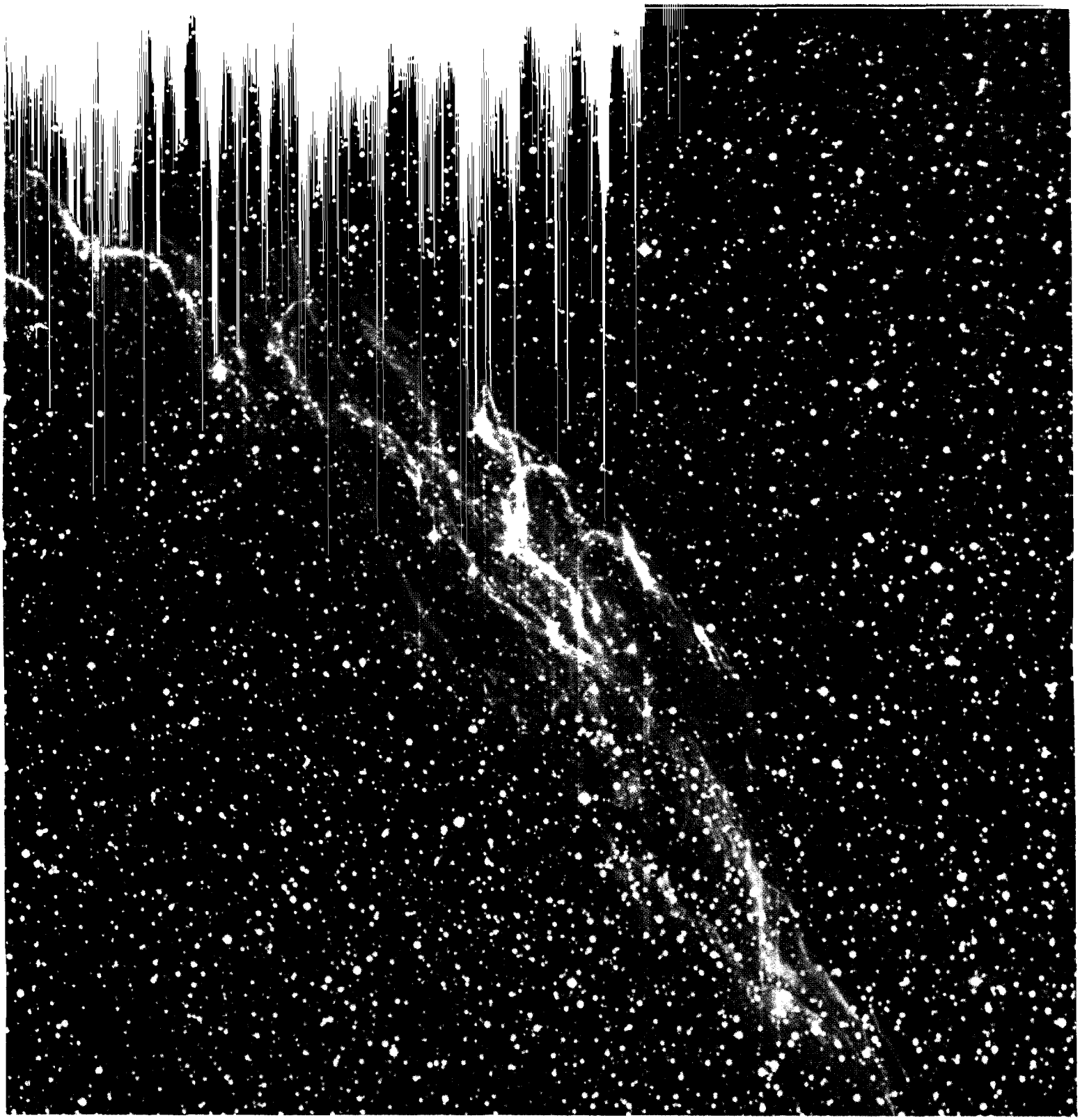

$E = mc^2$: (E) the energy equivalent of a quantity of matter is the mass (m) of that quantity multiplied by the speed of light squared (c^2)

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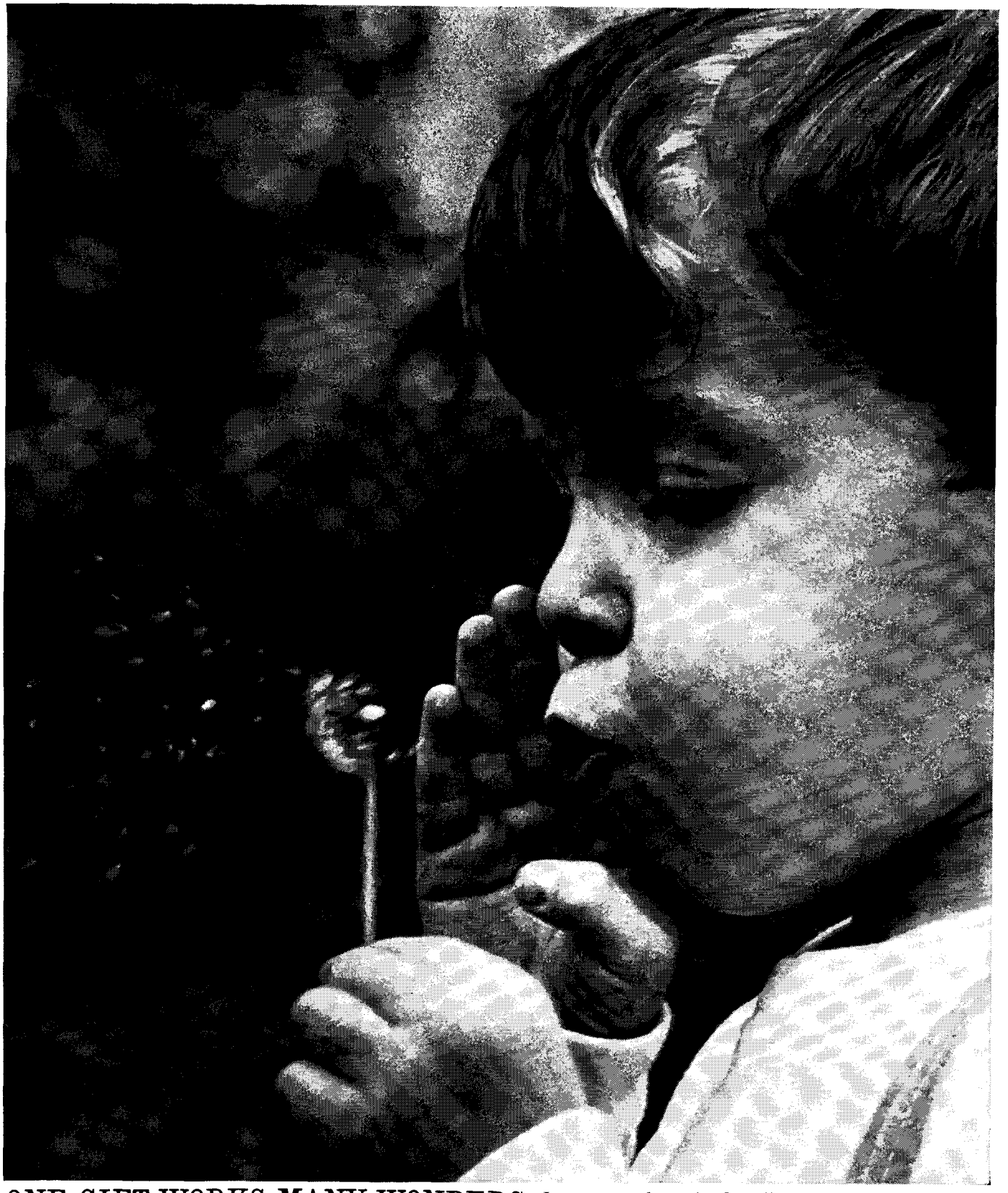

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Certainty Till Sunset

***Ambiguous Adventure,** by Cheikh Hamidou Kane, translated from the French by Katherine Woods (Walker. 178 pp. $3.95), examines the dilemma of the educated African, torn between his tribal past and a world of scientific certainty. Henry F. Winslow, Sr., is assistant professor of English at Morgan State College in Baltimore, Maryland.*

By HENRY F. WINSLOW, SR.

AT AGE thirty-five Cheikh Hamidou Kane holds, among other titles, that of Director of the Cabinet within the Senegalese Ministry of Development and Planning; hence it is not surprising that his novel *Ambiguous Adventure* is to some extent concerned with "negritude." However, the book, which won last year's Grand Prix for French-speaking Black Africa, is also a poetically-worded dialogue assessing the relative merits of oriental and occidental values.

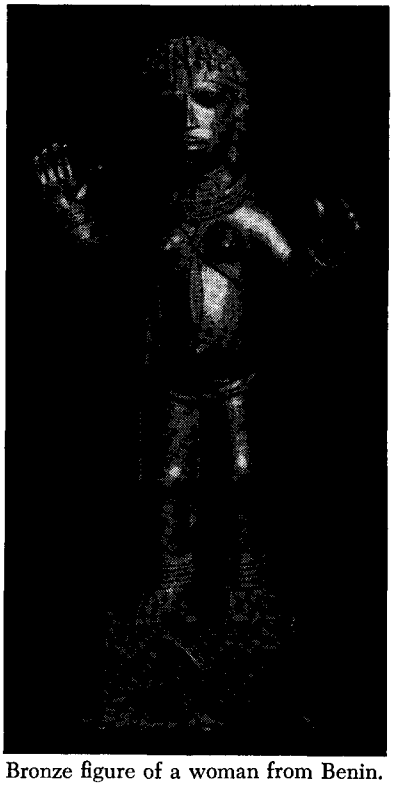
We follow in it the serious reflections of Sambo Diallo and a half dozen more characters in one way or another related to him. They carry us through three crucial stages of the young man's development: the severely disciplined years with a devoted African teacher of the old order, a freer phase at a French colonial school, and a period in Paris at a French university.

The question argued throughout is what happens to a sensitive and intelligent young African under the twin influences of tribal and French training: what happens to his Islamic god, his bent for incessant prayer, his habit of drinking in the awesome splendor of sunsets, and his "softness."

Mr. Kane's presentation (through prayers, conversations, letters, and narrative) enables us to see, from the points of view of those who influence Diallo and from his own, the transformation. His aged and slowly dying teacher, in the tradition of such sculptors, wants "to make him a masterpiece of his own long career." His father's cousin, Most Royal Lady, believes that tribal values with respect to death and ancestral worship should be discarded because "the time has come to teach our sons to live." For Diallo, for the West, and for the world his father wants a rediscovery of "the feeling of anguish in the face of the dying sun" to counteract the harder facts of scientific certainty. Diallo himself wants to retain "the secret tenderness," and so prays to a vision of his old master. But he also wants to go forward.

Needless to say, "negritude" as a concept and cultural slogan has both positive and negative possibilities. As a battle cry it may well recruit forces and energy for a crusade against the hard heart of modern civilization; but at the same time it may provide a kind of canopy for all manner of old ogres and illnesses to crawl under and breed. In *Soon, One Morning: New Writing by American Negroes, 1940-1962,* edited by Herbert Hill, the penetrating essay on Mr. Kane's underlying theme—"Hide My Face?" by St. Clair Drake, professor of sociology at Roosevelt University, Chicago—is not only pointed with poetry but somewhat more profound than Mr. Kane's adventure.

Knack of the Noks: The British colonial administrators who drew the boundaries of modern Nigeria "must be credited with a remarkable feat of serendipity," writes William Fagg in *Nigerian Images* (Praeger, $17.50). For it is from that country that at least nine-tenths of the discovered works of African sculpture more than 100 years old have been recovered; and it is there alone that the history of tribal art can be traced for more than 2,000 years. In 1897 the first bronzes from the region arrived in Europe, with an incalculable effect on the development of European art. The book reproduces 144 photographs by Herbert List of Nigeria sculpture, from the terra cottas of the ancient Nok culture to Yoruba wood carvings, Ibibio masks, and other works of the past century.



Bronze figure of a woman from Benin.

Bronze head from Benin.

Bronze head from Wunmonij.

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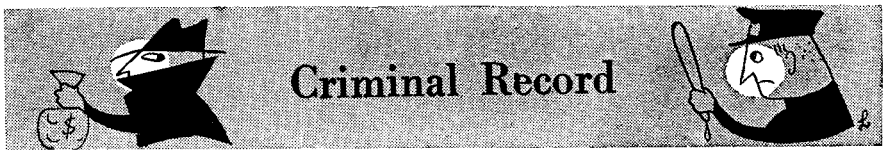

The Big Sell. *By Pierre Berton. Knopf.* $5. The author of *The Klondike Fever* here examines another type of gold rush: the way of the door-to-door salesman and the mail-order shark, plus, among much other slickery, $36,000 dancing lessons. Every easy mark (and who isn't?) should read it.

Spectacular Rogue: Gaston B. Means. *By Edwin P. Hoyt. Bobbs-Merrill.* $5.95. This lifelong swindler numbered among his victims widows and governments, but his biggest killing (which led to his downfall) was the $104,000 he finagled from a wealthy Washington socialite to "solve" the Lindbergh kidnapping. In this highly readable documentary he gets the full treatment.

Practical Finger-Printing. *By B. C. Bridges, revised by Charles E. O'Hara. Funk & Wagnalls.* $6.50. This comprehensive and authoritative manual, first issued in 1942, has been capably brought up to date by an official of the New York Police Department. Numerous half-tone and line illustrations and diagrams.

Racing Law. *By John O. Humphreys. National Association of State Racing Commissioners, Lexington, Ky.* $10. Horse-racing itself was once an indictable offense in one state, but that was long ago. This first compilation of its kind cites 600 cases (largely civil) ranging from the right to bet on the bangtails to the ownership of a foal for which stud fee was not paid.

The Tangled Web. *By the Editors of Army Times. McKay.* $3.95. These fifteen "true stories of deception in modern warfare" are effectively presented and make good once-over-lightly reading.

The Vindicators. *By Eugene B. Block. Doubleday.* $4.50. Here are sixteen fact narratives of cases (largely U.S., four British) in which unconvinced cops, prosecutors, *et al.* sought to remove stigma of guilt from the innocent. Sound idea, well carried out.

Stories of Famous Detectives. *By Leonard Gribble. Hill & Wang.* $3.50. Fifteen fact yarns from Vidocq, founder of the French Sûreté, down to the present compose this collection by an old and tried hand; accent on France, Britain, America.

Murder in Big Cities. *By Bruce Sanders. Roy.* $4. These fourteen true-tales that cover the world include three U.S.: Washington (Philip Barton Key), New York (Stanford White), and Kansas City (Union Station massacre of 1933). Vivid reconstructions.

Florentine Finish. *By Cornelius Hirschberg. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Three bashed-in heads confound personnel of New York's diamond center, particularly Saul Handy, salesman extraordinary. Swift, well-handled, well-written story is also a fine documentary of jewelry biz.

Dead Water. *By Ngaio Marsh. Little, Brown.* $3.95. "Miraculous" cures spoil previously unspoiled island off Cornish coast; suddenly murder erupts, and erudite Supt. Roderick Alleyn asks questions; eighty-three-year-old spinster is tough babe. Smasheroo termination.

A Pride of Felons. *Edited by The Gordons. Macmillan.* $4.95. Twenty stories by members of the Mystery Writers of America make up this latest annual selection, which continues to reflect the high standard established sixteen years ago.

Alfred Hitchcock Presents: Stories My Mother Never Told Me. *Random House.* $5.95. Twenty-five previously serialized tales (1939-62, *New Yorker, SEP, Collier's, Cosmo,* others) compose this high-quality packet of chillers.

Mute Witness. *By Robert L. Pike. Crime Club.* $3.50. West Coast hood flies to New York to tell all; Lieut. Clancy merely has to keep him alive, and does *he* have a time! Excellent straight-out regulation police job.

Run If You're Guilty. *By James McKimmey. Lippincott.* $3.75. Five assorted couples in northern California cabin-cluster present problems (including two deaths) to Joe Beacon, prop. (and nice guy). Smooth and well-paced.

Tales of Terror and Suspense. *Edited by Stewart H. Benedict. Dell.* Paperback. 45¢. Hoffmann, Merimée, Poe, LeFanu, Maupassant, Conan Doyle, Kipling, Ray Bradbury are included in this baker's dozen of well-selected yarns. Piquant pocket-piece.

Don't Shoot, Darling. *By Henry Holt. Roy.* $2.95. London peeper Mike Logan acquires feminine client seeking sister; Yard also active; three die anyway. Steps right along. —SERGEANT CUFF.

"The" Detective: It is no news that to Baker Street Irregulars and other Sherlockophiles the sage of Baker Street is no creature of fiction but a living, breathing man. No photographs exist, of course, which is probably just as well; but artists including Arthur Conan Doyle's father, have been trying since Holmes's first appearance in 1887 to capture his likeness. In *Sherlock Holmes in Portrait and Profile* (Syracuse Univ. Press, $5.50), bibliophile (and BSI) Walter Klinefelter has compiled a gallery that reveals the often startling notions of the Holmesian visage entertained by early illustrators. There are also such famous portrayals as those of Frederic Dorr Steele, which somehow seem more authentic to our eyes. But the end of such artistic labors is not in sight.

Frederic Dorr Steele.

Sidney Paget.

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Legend Among the Bedouin

***T. E. Lawrence to His Biographers Robert Graves and Liddell Hart** (Doubleday. 260 pp. $6.50), and **338171 TE** (Lawrence of Arabia), by Victoria Ocampo, translated from the Spanish by David Garnett (Dutton. 128 pp. $3), offer the self-revelations that went into two portraits of the English archeologist, soldier, writer, and secret agent, as well as a view of him by a sympathetic Argentine lady. Stanley Weintraub, an associate professor at Pennsylvania State University, wrote about Lawrence of Arabia earlier this year, in his book "Private Shaw and Public Shaw."*

By STANLEY WEINTRAUB

THE PROFUSION of books about Lawrence of Arabia continues to demonstrate that none of his biographers has put much stock in his declaration to one of them, "I'm really quite normal." The latest phase of the resurgent interest in T.E.'s unique personality is the reappearance of titles long unavailable.

Since 1938 two of the most valuable collections of source materials in print concerning Lawrence have been the simultaneously published, limited-edition volumes of questions and answers, interview reports, letters, and running editorial commentary now appearing in one volume as *T. E. Lawrence to His Biographers Robert Graves and Liddell Hart.*

Lawrence, like his friend Bernard Shaw, delighted in concealing information about himself by revealing such copious amounts of personal data to his biographers that, overwhelmed by material from the horse's mouth, they were often tempted to forbear searching elsewhere. In this fashion Lawrence attempted to design the major biographies of him that appeared in his lifetime. To see—tandem—two such works in progress, is the curious fascination of this book.

Although both the Graves and the Liddell Hart biographies, one in 1927 by a man of letters, the other in 1934 by a military historian, were in preparation at almost the same time, it was not until the second was completed that T.E. revealed to each biographer that he had materially assisted the other. As Graves understated it, "Lawrence's friendships were separated by bulkheads."

—*Pix.*

T. E. Lawrence—to a French duchess who gushed about the marvelous nights in the mysterious East, he was laconic: "Sweaty, aren't they?"

To His Biographers is a mine of anecdotal material and Lawrentian self-revelation. Even the twenty-five-page joint index is interesting reading. One remarkable aspect of the pair of biographical compilations is Lawrence's scrupulousness in telling generally the same facts about an incident to both Graves and Liddell Hart, accounts which, even when not entirely similar in details, are consistent with each other.

The transformation of the dual editions of 1938 into the current one-volume publication is not without its minor mishaps. Graves, for example, refers at length to an omitted frontispiece sketch of Lawrence. More distressing is the lack of any post-1938 comments and explanations. Many references that needed clarification twenty-five years ago need them even more now. Possibly complications of copyrights, republication, and joint authorship by men still busy in their disparate but distinguished writing careers made this the only way *To His Biographers* could have reappeared.

Every reader will have his own favorite scraps from the collection: Lawrence telling Graves in 1921 that Joyce was "the yet-unfollowed master of what will be the next school." Or later, concerning Arnold Bennett: "No damned merit, no nonsense: yet such an admirable scent." Or T.E.'s story of recommending himself for the Distinguished Flying Cross for not shooting down two British warplanes attempting to machine-gun his troops. Or his reply to a French duchess who gushed about the marvelous nights in the mysterious East ("Sweaty, aren't they?"). Most memorable perhaps is T.E.'s explanation of the lure of speed as "the second oldest animal craving in our nature."

BIZARRE and magnetic personality as T.E. was, he was also uncommonly aware of himself, and issued nearly identical warnings to both Graves and Liddell Hart: surfeit readers with him, he cautioned, and they will spew him out. His advice is applicable to *To His Biographers*: Lawrence buffs and curious readers in general will welcome the book as something to dip into, rather than read from cover to cover.

Victoria Ocampo's study—first published in French in 1942—is thin in both size and scope, in spite of its having been midwifed by translator David Garnett (editor of Lawrence's *Letters*) and sent out into the world with introductory words of praise from T.E.'s brother and executor, Professor A. W. Lawrence. Rather than—in the latter's words—"the most profound and best balanced" of all the biographies, it is for the most part an attempt, throbbing with emotion, to explain through Señora Ocampo's feminine intuition Lawrence's chronic spiritual torment and ambiguous sexual nature. Her unsurprising decision is that Lawrence was saint rather than sinner, for in his wartime experience "there was plenty to break the nerves of a man less sensitive and imaginative than he was."

The long footnotes added to the 1963 Spanish edition (also available in this English translation) add little more than the tale of Señora Ocampo's visit in 1946 to T.E.'s aged but invincible mother. A curiosity of biographical literature, the book is compelling primarily as a posthumous love letter to Lawrence. Based upon evidence available to a sympathetic Argentine lady twenty years ago, *338171 TE* adds neither information nor insights to the burgeoning literature on the most uneasy adventurer of our time.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 11, 6, 8, 1, 12, 9, 10, 14, 2, 4, 15, 5, 13, 7.

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Peripatetic Nellie Bly

And Not to Yield: An Autobiography, *by Ella Winter (Harcourt, Brace & World. 308 pp. $5.95), recalls the lifelong dedication of the Australian-born journalist to the struggle for a wiser, more tolerant world order. Alma Lutz has written biographies of several crusading American women, including Susan B. Anthony and Emma Willard (the latter study to be published this spring).*

By ALMA LUTZ

IN THIS stimulating autobiography Ella Winter frankly appraises the many people in the news with whom she came into contact during a lifetime actively concerned with social and political issues.

She was born in 1898 in Melbourne, Australia, of German parents who moved to England when she was twelve. Ready for college during World War I, she enrolled at the London School of Economics, where she became interested in politics and the Fabians. Ella "wanted desperately to get out into the world and live," and the way opened when she was employed by Felix Frankfurter, who was in England on a secret mission. Through her work with him in Paris at the Peace Conference she met important people, listened to their discussions, and sadly watched President Wilson's high hopes fade.

Frankfurter introduced her to Lincoln Steffens, who was then famous for his muckraking journalism. They soon became friends, but, the Peace Conference over, their paths separated, and Ella returned to the London School of Economics, where she was graduated with First Honors. Before long, however, Steffens came back into her life, and they went to Paris together, to be welcomed by the William C. Bullitts and Jo Davidsons. There were happy days in France and Italy, and eventually they were married—in spite of Steffens's aversion to any convention or binding law. He realized a lifelong dream when their son, Peter, was born and, after two more years in Europe, she realized her dream of going to America. They settled in Carmel, California, Steffens's home state, where Robinson and Una Jeffers became their close friends. Until she began to get homesick for the outside world, Ella edited and managed *The Carmelite,* the town paper.

Eager to learn more about the Soviet Union, she went there in 1930 with Sherwood Eddy and his party. Seeing "poverty-stricken, down-trodden, oppressed people given greater welfare and some dignity and self-respect and opportunity" gave her, she said, "a basic understanding no future crimes or evils could eradicate" and "a firmer belief in human possibilities." Encouraged by Steffens's publisher to write a book on the USSR, she returned for another look at the country, and this time was impressed by the changing role of women there. The result was her book *Red Virtue.*

During her stopover in Munich she learned more about Nazism, and at once began to point out its evils to her fellow Americans. She also tried to improve the deplorable conditions of migrant workers and wrote a story on the longshoremen's strike and Harry Bridges for *New Masses.* These activities, as well as her husband's radical background, made them targets of conservatives.

IN 1936, her happy marriage ended with the death of Steffens, and Carmel became for her a place without purpose. At a Writers' Conference in San Francisco, where she was asked to speak, she met Donald Ogden Stewart, a writer and playwright with similar interests. They were married in 1939.

During World War II, Ella was in Moscow as correspondent for the New York *Post.* In *I Saw the Russian People* she later reported the disturbing developments she had noted in the USSR: the worship of Stalin, bureaucracy, tyranny, and fear. She also went to Berlin, Prague, Vienna, and Warsaw, and wrote about the stark tragedy of bombed cities and the effect on the people; she toured Yugoslavia and interviewed Tito. Finding outspoken liberals suspect in the U.S., she and her husband emigrated to England. In 1958, with a British passport, she flew to China, where she saw an ancient, feudal country trying "to meet the twenty-first century." Both there and in Soviet Russia she writes that she had seen fresh hope, faith, and a sense of participation overcome centuries of degradation. This renewed her own hope for the future as she continued to strive for a wiser, more tolerant world order.

"I knew one bowl of punch wouldn't be enough . . ."

Leftovers for Baby: Every female has her own version of "what every woman knows," but Caitlin Thomas's is so encrusted with barbed wire it loses all reality. Think of anything you like,

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and you can be sure Dylan Thomas's widow is hopping mad about it, or at it. She hates the Tinker, the Tailor, the Soldier, the Sailor—the list is endless—but what she hates most of all is herself. Come now, there must be something she likes. Well, there is. The Rich Man. Not *really* (he is a man, after all) but she would like her daughter to marry one. Too bad the title "How to Marry a Millionaire" has already been used. For when you come down to it, that is what *Not Quite Posthumous Letter to My Daughter* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.75) is all about. What baby needs to do is to marry big. Mama, herself, wouldn't be caught dead in the circles she aspires her daughter to crash, but she has glued an eye to some peephole of her own invention. Full of ridicule and envy, she embarrasses us with her notions as to what "ladies" are really like. As for "gentlemen"—no such breed, not even rich ones.

Mrs. Thomas sets us straight right away that a real mother doesn't mean a "good mother." Nevertheless she anticipates possible slurs that she might actually be boasting about her own wrongdoing by indulging in a breast-beating orgy like a child in a tantrum, opening up Pandora's Box. As fury after fury escapes, one cannot deny each has the ring of truth, yet it is a truth that comes from fear. It is distressing that when she does lapse into the everyday world she becomes sentimental. Distressing, because it is the very thing she abhors most.

OCCASIONALLY she rests and we are moved. As when she tells her daughter to keep always "as a golden habit not only the door of your house, but the door of your heart, ajar: for the unknown stranger. Who might be, you never know: in whatsoever ludicrous, Barbary ape shape he appears; the faultily made 'Christ' for you."

As in *Leftover Life to Kill*, there are moments that are brilliantly in focus, but when they come we cannot quite believe. For they are immediately negated by fresh and even more venomous tirades. Mrs. Thomas makes contemporary woman strangely dated and out of place, not realizing that the evil shadows she attributes to men cannot help but darken woman's image as well.

Her daughter's figure remains a faint shadow. "Not at all pretty," we are told. That must be fun for an eighteen-year-old to read. Other than that we learn nothing of her mother's awareness of what the girl might be. Let us hope that she has the wisdom not to follow Mrs. Thomas's precepts for finding that well-heeled unicorn in the garden, for if she does, what an empty life she will have. —GLORIA VANDERBILT.

Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 23

it home. Her parents discovered the book, were horrified, and took it to the local police. The authorities there were sure the book was not their problem; they pushed it around on the desk for a while and then informed the parents that the book was the property of the high school and should be returned. The parents then took the book to the editor of the local newspaper and asked that the paper make a public issue of the matter. The editor gently urged the parents to return the book and forget it. The parents finally returned the book to the high school but delivered a vigorous protest to the principal of the school in the process.

Nothing more was heard of the incident except that later this writer learned that the principal and the school librarian agreed on a new policy. Henceforth the dictionary would be used only in the library as one of the standard reference books. In essence, therefore, the book has been removed from the easy access of the parents!

DONALD C. JONES.

Forest Grove, Ore.

The Power of Protest

A LETTER FROM Dr. and Mrs. Richard L. Day of Pittsburgh, published in your November 2 issue, cites an experience I had while in jail in Danville, Virginia. May I answer this letter?

Of all the abuses to which I—and the other women demonstrators in jail—were subjected, the attempt to impose pelvic examinations has aroused the greatest degree of indignant interest, especially from women's organizations. The circumstances were this: on the fifth day of my imprisonment, some other women and I were taken from our cells to a landing at the head of the stairs. I had some idea of what was to happen, having been warned by my cellmate, a white woman serving a three-month sentence for a traffic offense.

As I remember, a jailer, a matron, a colored woman in a nurse's uniform, a white woman, and a white man were present. I heard one of the demonstrators tell the jailer, "I've just had a physical by my own doctor. He will give you any information you need." The jailer said "Your doctor? He doesn't mean a damn thing here. You get on over there and wait."

This jailer then drew a blood specimen from my arm; then I was sent over to the white man, who was not in any way identified to me. He said he wanted to make a pelvic examination if I didn't object. Remembering the exchange between the demonstrator and the jailer, I asked "Can I object?" "Yes," the man answered, to which I said, "Then I do, emphatically." He exchanged a look with the jailer, who then told me, "But you got to. It's the law." "I don't believe you are qualified to tell me what the law is," I said. "I want to speak with my lawyer." The matron said in a low voice to the jailer that nobody had objected before in the time she had been there, and if this objection were allowed there would be trouble with others. The jailer then threatened: "If you don't let him do it, the doctor will have to." "I want to speak to my lawyer," I repeated. We were then returned to our cells.

A Danville newspaper on September 7, 1963, undertook a rebuttal of the Washington newspaper story about my jail experiences. I quote its quote of a statement it attributes to a Dr. J. D. Gorman:

"On the Thursday in question, six females were brought in for examination, only one of whom was under 25 years of age. One 48-year-old woman was examined, when Mrs. Karro inquired if she had to take the examination. When she was told it was not mandatory, she and the remainder declined to take it."

Hearing the young girl demonstrators crying and screaming was ascribed to me in the Washington newspaper article, but as can be seen from the foregoing I was fortunate in being able to prevent any such occurrences on that Thursday. It was my cellmate who had described this to me. She was no friend to the Negro women demonstrators, but confessed to having been moved to pity on previous Thursdays by the girls' outcries. A fifteen-year-old in the jail told me she had been one of those who had been "noisy." "I just hate to think about it, but I can't seem to forget it," she told me.

Your correspondents, the Days, ask "What can we do . . . to eliminate the conditions that build up to these atrocities?" Well, one can write letters, like theirs. Because of the Days' letter in your magazine a doctor from Philadelphia sought an interview with me to verify the incident. He tells me he has compiled a list of Danville physicians and is writing to them to urge that they protest such perversion of reputable medical procedures into humiliation measures in the jail.

ANNE ELLIOT KARRO.

Bethesda, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the preceding letter was arrested in Danville, Virginia, on July 18 while carrying a sign reading "No More Segregation." She spent eleven days in jail.*

The Vanishing Wilderness

I WAS GREATLY disappointed in Horace Sutton's article on Olympic National Park [*SR*, Nov. 2]. His viewpoints are examples of banal cynicism and very little more.

Mr. Sutton complains that Olympic's attractiveness is diminished by its lack of access roads, not bothering to point out that this is exactly why it ranked first in attendance among our national parks last year. With our nation's wilderness areas being reduced year by year, the public is starting to realize their importance and is responding by calling for the restriction of highways in our remaining wilderness areas. How long does Mr. Sutton think Olympic Park would retain its wildlife and natural surroundings if it were crisscrossed by highways?

Mr. Sutton reveals himself as one who is unwilling to risk exertion for the pleasure of scenic beauty. His type has caused consistent dwindling of our nation's natural beauties.

R. ROSS RODGERS.

Pullman, Wash.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Reiner-less *Götterdämmerung*—Tozzi

RELATIVE even to the other works of the *Ring*, *Götterdämmerung* is a massive test of stagecraft, musical skills, and organizational effort. Though we see it now as the summary of its predecessors, it was, of course, conceived as a saga in itself, a creation of accents and emphases carefully calculated to work against each other. Hagen's black villainy and Gunther's blind trust, Brünnhilde's deception and Waltraute's despair, Siegfried's gullibility and Gutrune's innocence—all are shadings of a canvas on a heroic scale. In its first presentation at the Metropolitan this year, the accents and emphases were pretty much blurred together, so that Birgit Nilsson's Brünnhilde stood out as a single vivid figure in the foreground.

Possibly if Fritz Reiner had lived to see through the last task of his productive life (the preparatory effort sent him to a hospital with pneumonia, to which he succumbed within a week), there would have been drama and conflict in the interaction of the great conductor and the great singer. But it would hardly be rational to blame his emergency replacement, Joseph Rosenstock, who had stage rehearsals for the second and third acts and only an orchestral session for the first, for Hans Hopf's tight voice for Siegfried, Ernst Wiemann's inadequate range for Hagen, and the insufficiently bright sound of Mary Curtis-Verna for Gutrune. Rather than accents and emphases, they were varying shades of gray.

As a result, rather than being a music drama, in the Wagnerian sense, this *Götterdämmerung* was downgraded to the status of opera, with a star part for Miss Nilsson. The voice was not quite "awake" for the opening scene with Siegfried (she is averse to prolonged vocalization prior to so long a stint as this Brünnhilde). However, by the second act it was yielding a brightness and intensity that gave the denunciation of Siegfried's treachery and Brünnhilde's participation in the plot of Hagen a high place in the Nilsson repertory. The tonal penetration that makes her an impressive Turandot strikes sparks against the outcry of the orchestra, with an aural splendor that eluded such recent paragons of the part as Flagstad and Traubel. She has also improved her action so that it mounts in impact up to and including the Immolation Scene.

Were there a partner or two capable of sustaining a dialogue on the Nilsson level (Irene Dalis as Waltraute came closest), much else could be condoned. Of the other principals, only Norman Mittelmann as Gunther and Gerhard Pechner as Alberich had what it takes to realize the composer's purpose: Mittelmann a resonantly flexible sound, Pechner a responsively rasping one. Some may say that Hopf is a better Siegfried than those who have been no Siegfried at all, which is akin to saying that a bad cold is better than influenza. When he is working with the equipment of his lyric tenor days, he makes a musical sound on or near the pitch, but where the text demands a full-fashioned dramatic production, he is wanting. His is a well-rounded figure for Siegfried, but his acting techniques are rudimentary.

As Hagen, Wiemann has some good notes in the middle range with which to make an effect with the "Watch" in Act I and the call to the Gibichungs in Act II, but where are the low tones on which the menace of the character is based? Not audible, certainly. Miss Curtis-Verna made her first venture into German opera by singing two parts (successively, not simultaneously). She achieved the not inconsiderable feat of getting from the mountain heights (as the Third Norn) to the Hall of the Gibichungs (as Gutrune) even quicker than Siegfried did, but her vocal character is not the silvery blond sound with which the composer succeeded so brilliantly in characterizing Gutrune. The other Norns (Lili Chookasian and Mignon Dunn) were well chosen, as were the Rhinemaidens (Mary Ellen Pracht, Rosalind Elias, and Gladys Kriese).

If the list of complaints, as well as compliments, is long—well, so is *Götterdämmerung*. Nathaniel Merrill's staging was, for the most part, functional, though it is hard to imagine how Grane got to the Rhine for the Immolation; Brünnhilde did not present him to Siegfried at his departure, and there was no sign of him when the latter arrived in Gibichungland. However, those who know the story were also penalized by the cuts (during Act I, I didn't hear Hagen tell Siegfried how to use the Tarnhelm). Judgment on Rosenstock's command of this score may be left for another occasion. Doubtless when the Met has its new Ring in its new theatre, the Rhine will look less like the Hudson. Otherwise, everything was fine.

As Don Giovanni, which he recently performed for the first time here, Giorgio Tozzi has found the opportunity for a more comprehensive display of his

(*Continued on page* 67)

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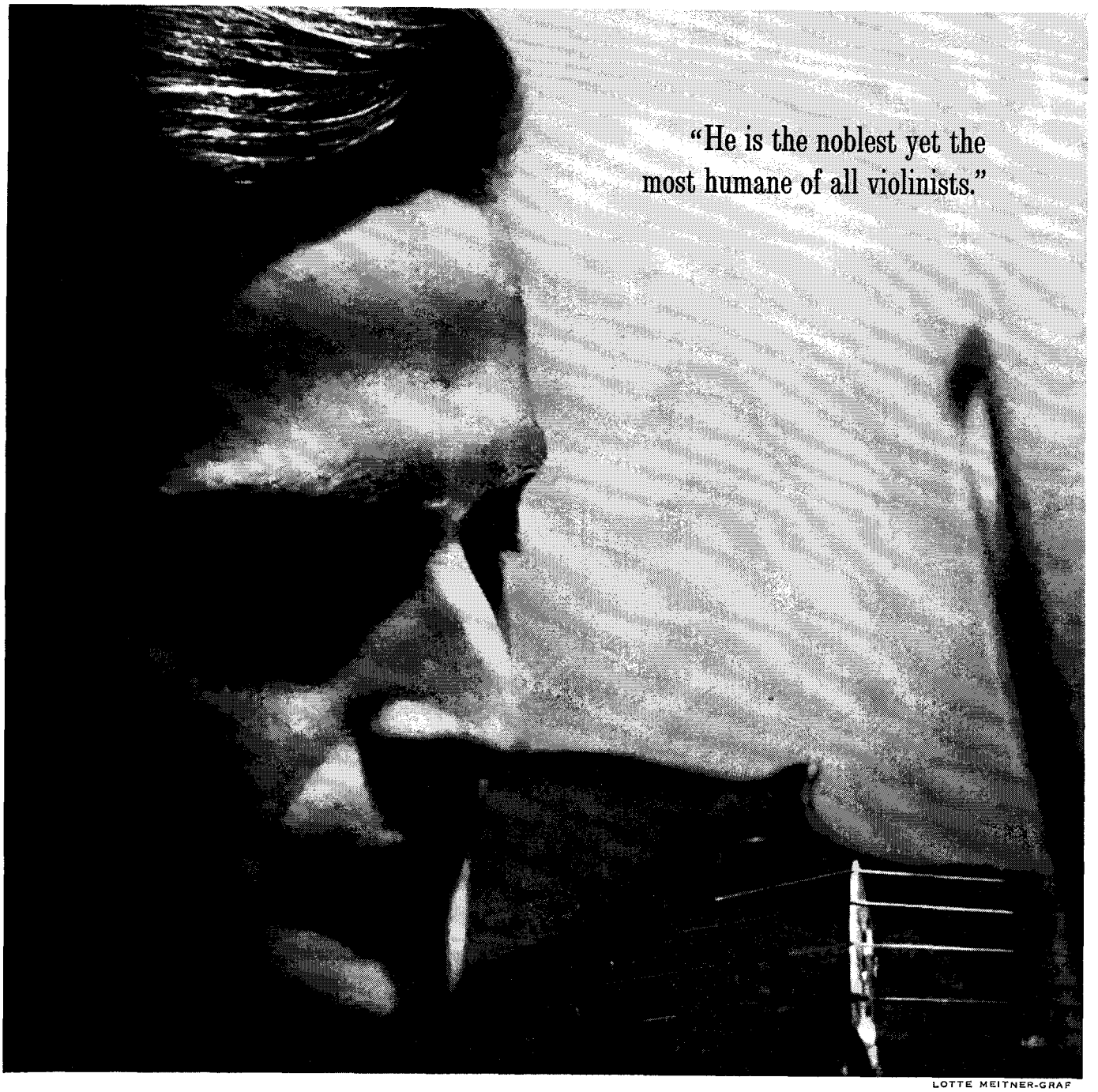

LOTTE MEITNER-GRAF

Neville Cardus, astute British critic and musicologist, writing for the Manchester Guardian...his subject

Yehudi Menuhin

In London's Royal Festival Hall, Menuhin was playing the Brahms Concerto, with Monteux conducting. Wrote Cardus: "Menuhin is never the mere performer on his violin, never just a virtuoso. He is constantly searching interpretatively. His playing appears to be looking into the music. During an orchestral tutti he stands on the platform swaying gently, obviously listening; and his eyes are apparently collaborating with the ear, seeing something hovering in the air—the music behind the notes, the music which, as Mahler believed, cannot always be contained in the notes."

Menuhin's concerts at Bath have resulted in marvelous Angel recordings of Bach and Handel, Mozart and Ravel, with such distinguished colleagues as Elaine Shaffer, George Malcolm and Leon Goossens. Menuhin is heard as both violinist and conductor in the old Baroque and Classical tradition. A new release features this versatile artist as viola soloist in a magnificent recording of Berlioz' "Harold In Italy."

As musician...as student and philosopher...as a man, Yehudi *Menuhin is one of the most colorful celebrities of our century.* Through the years, he continues to hold a high place among worthy company in the roster of Angel recording artists.

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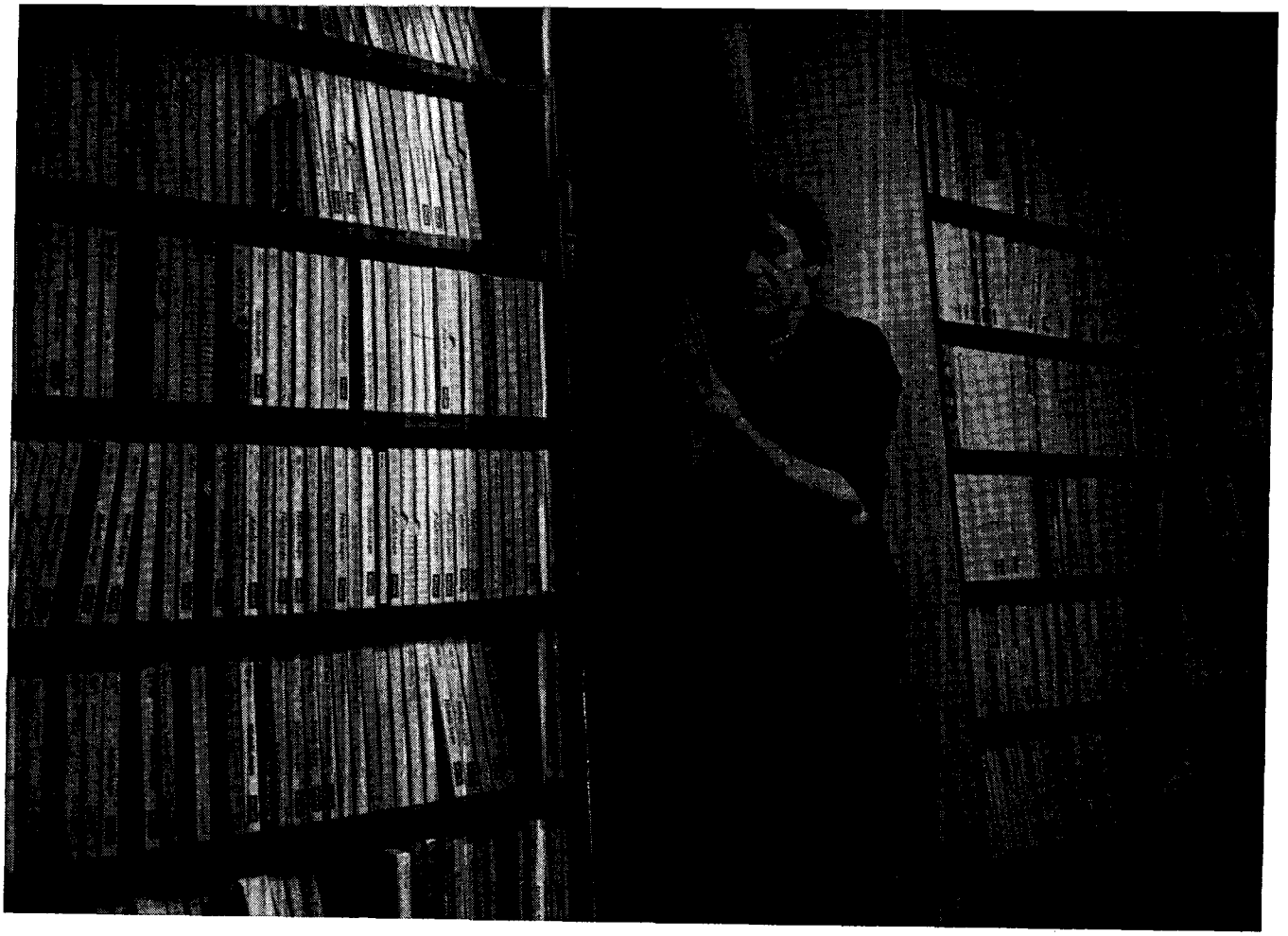

A view of the Institute of Sound's archives. Each of the boxes contains a tape reel. —*Eugene Cook.*

SOUND ON FILE

BY RICHARD CAINE STRIKER

WHEN Thomas Alva Edison invented the phonograph in August, 1877, he thought of it chiefly as a means of expediting dictation, as the Edison Voice Writer is today. In the years that followed, there were some recordings of well-known musicians, made mostly for purposes of private entertainment rather than for commercial exploitation. Engrossed with other work, Edison did little to further develop the phonograph for a decade. In 1888, Edison's interest was stimulated anew, and several cylinders were made of such famous people as Robert Browning, Prime Minister William Gladstone, and Florence Nightingale.

The 1890s passed without too much addition to the catalogue of musically important recordings. Emile Berliner's introduction of the flat disc—a seven-incher—resulted in some music being recorded between 1896 and 1900, but they were mainly popular songs, military marches, and the like. Shortly after the turn of the century, "improved methods" of achieving "lifelike" sound through horn techniques resulted in approaches to a number of operatic celebrities and some celebrated composers. There was much self-congratulatory talk to the effect that the "art of Mme. X" or the "glorious voice of S.C." had been "preserved for all time." However distant this may have been in theory, in practice it has been almost a nonexistent immortality, save as private initiative has made good the shortsightedness or downright indifference of those who had access to the public ear.

Across the years, the recording companies have maintained files of such irreplaceable masters, but they have been mostly haphazard, subject to such vagaries as the high price of storage space, dissolution or disappearance of business combines that shared the ownership of a catalogue, and sheer indifference to any concern for such noncommercial considerations. Before too heavy a burden of blame is put on them, it should be recognized that broadcasting companies, of

Richard Caine Striker is a New Yorker, not yet thirty, who turned from acting and writing to the organization of the Institute of Sound several years ago.

SR/RECORDINGS

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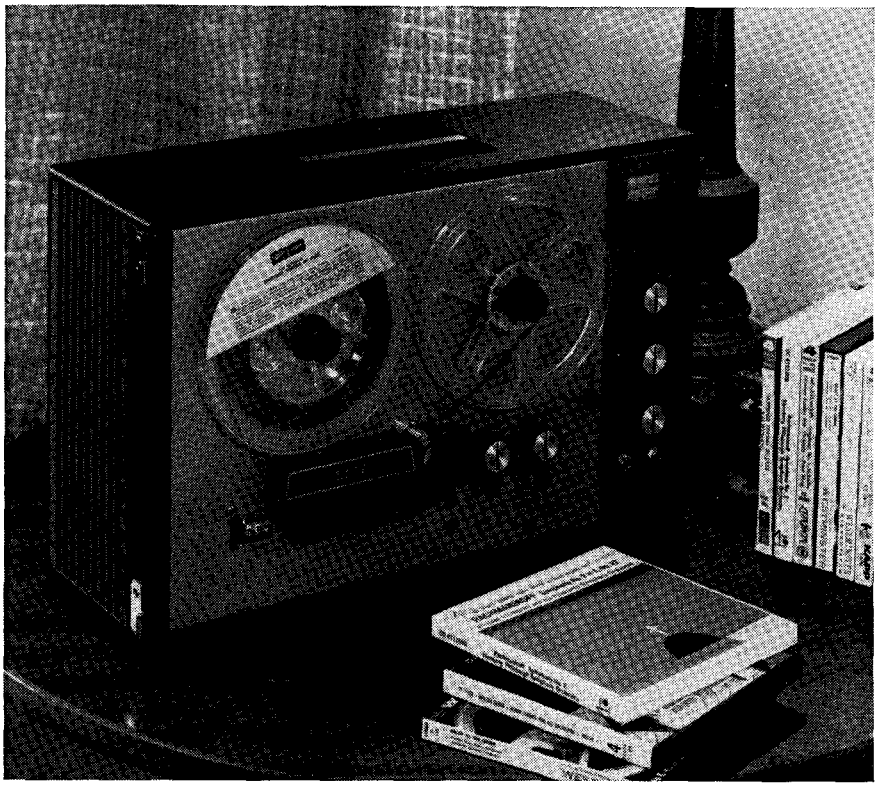

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much more recent origin, were no more devoted to long-range value of the materials that passed through their hands, except in rare instances. Neither, it should be added, were set up to function as museums as well as businesses responsible to stockholders.

Before the situation became wholly hopeless, a number of organized efforts to arrest the tide of dissolution and preserve what could be salvaged from the past were undertaken here and abroad. The Library of Congress in this country has a huge backlog of recordings, as has the BBC in England (many of them the result of work done for its own internal usage). Good work has also been done in Europe by the Phonothèque Nationale of Paris, the Phonogram Archiv in Vienna and the Dicoteca di Stato in Rome, subject to peril of wartime destruction by bombing. In the aftermath of World War II, the British Institute of Recorded Sound was created with a purpose of bringing together as many commercial recordings as could be located—a goal easier to define than to realize. In this country, Yale University has taken on a sizable responsibility in the same area, as have the Stanford Archive and the University of Michigan. It is also good news for those who believe in the durable value of recordings that the sizable collection amassed during the last twenty-five years at the New York Public Library under the supervision of Dr. Philip L. Miller has recently received a grant of $150,000 from the Rodgers and Hammerstein Foundation with which to organize, collate, and activate its hoard for public utilization when the Music Division takes over new quarters in Lincoln Center a few years hence.

It was against the background of such activity, big and small, accessible or inaccessible, that the Institute of Sound was founded in 1961. With all esteem for the many precious examples of irreplaceable artistry contained on commercial discs, the moving spirits of the Institute plotted their venture in terms of an even larger, much more evanescent form of artistic endeavor—the countless recordings made for noncommercial purposes (broadcasts, private libraries, off-the air checks of live performances) since the microphone and the radio transmitter combined to make endless hours of musical performance from the mid-Twenties on a potential source of "immortality" equivalent to that provided by the recording studio.

It is precisely in this respect—grandiose as it may seem and impalable as the sources of supply may seem to be—that the Institute, and its archives in Carnegie Hall, differ from all the others. A sense of urgency was imparted to the task shortly after the Institute's inception when the Pickett-Lemco report to the Library of Congress was made

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available to the Institute's founders. This carried the disturbing information that the acetate coatings used on many of the discs in use for off-the-air recordings in the 1930s had a life expectancy of only twenty-five years. After this time, the acetate oxidizes to the point where, without any visible warning, it may disintegrate into powder, leaving the glass or aluminum disc as blank as the day it was made—and minus any trace of the performance once imprinted on it. Thanks to some urgent campaigning as well as to some lucky finds, the Institute has succeeded in locating and transferring to the permanance of tape such treasures of the Thirties as a complete *Rosenkavalier* with Lotte Lehmann, Risë Stevens, and Friedrich Schorr in the east; a *Fidelio* under Bruno Walter with Kirsten Flagstad; and Joseph Hofmann playing several concerti among the many he did not record commercially.

It may surprise those who take the massive libraries of the printed word for granted—which include, as a matter of course, not merely the bound productions of the book publishers but also magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers—that no comparable all-inclusive repository for recorded sound exists. True, the science of recording is of relatively recent origin; but it is all the more precious for preserving not only the intent of the author, as a book does, but also its realization through the artistry of a gifted interpreter. What would we not give now to hear Paganini play his Caprices, or Malibran sing Bellini, or Kean enact Shakespeare? The next generation may be as critical of us—and with good cause—if we neglect the wholly possible preservation of Stravinsky's performance of his own music, or Lehmann's interpretation of Strauss, or Sir Laurence Olivier in all his variety.

THE Institute's concern for these values, especially in the area of actual performance that it has taken for its own, is shared by many prominent musicians, scholars, and critics who have endorsed its purpose and aided its researches, such as Dr. Leopold Stokowski, Edgar Varese, Walter Toscanini, Alan Pryce-Jones, Regina Resnik, and Stefan Wolpe. Their interest and the news of the Institute's work which they have succeeded in conveying to others has brought a deluge of commercial recordings – pre-electrics, shellacs, and 78 rpms as well as countless LPs—to its shelves, also more than a trickle if less than a downpour of the off-the-air and noncommercial matter for which it has a primary concern.

The most substantial block of material in the latter category that has thus far been assembled is a huge backlog of bygone broadcasts from the Metropolitan Opera House. Of the close to 700 performances that have been put on the air since the practice began approximately thirty years ago, well over half—a total of 450—have been located, and are now either transferred or awaiting transfer to tape. Included in this treasure are Flagstad and Melchior in *Tristan, Walküre,* and *Tannhäuser,* Sayao's debut in *Manon,* Ezio Pinza in *Don Giovanni* with Bruno Walter conducting, *Nozze di Figaro* with Rethberg and Pinza, *Das Rheingold* with Schorr as Wotan, *Un Ballo* with Bjoerling and Milanov, as well as Lily Pons in *La Fille du Regiment* and Jennie Tourel in *Mignon,* to name but a few. Reiner directing *Falstaff* and *Der Rosenkavalier* (not to mention *Salome* and *Elektra*) are a few more to excite the connoisseur.

HOWEVER, with all the good will of friends, artist advisors, and unsolicited contributors, some gaping holes in the Metropolitan compilation persist. These relate, not unexpectedly, to the earliest period of the broadcasts, from 1931 to 1936. We would bow low and speak humble thanks for any information leading to the discovery of such historic broadcasts as Ponselle in *Norma, L'Africaine,* and *Don Giovanni,* Bori in *La Rondine, Manon, Pelléas,* and *Traviata* or the *Faust* with Martinelli. We know these have been recorded, but all efforts to trace existing copies have thus far been without success.

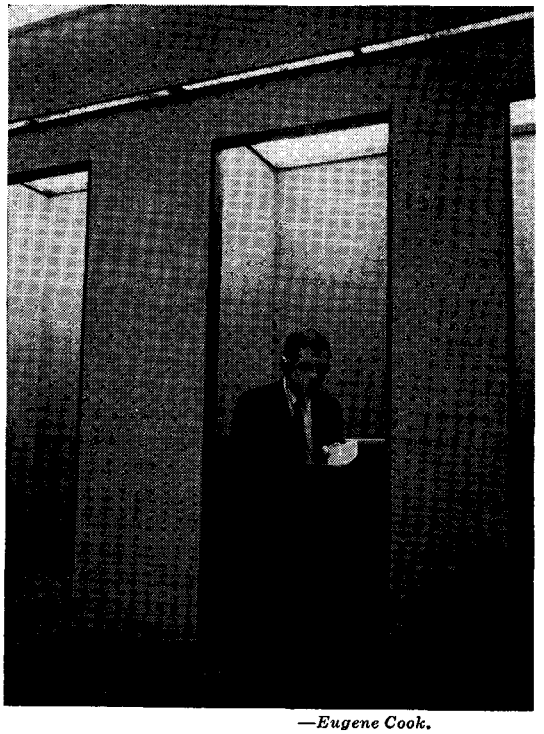
While transferring to tape several thousand of the rarer 78s, Barbara F. Stone, an archivist for the Institute, has come upon some noncommercial items of great rarity and importance. Among them are Act I of *Fidelio* from the Salzburg Festival of 1935, with Toscanini conducting and Lehmann as Lenore, the Salzburg *Falstaff* with Toscanini and Mariano Stabile, and the *Norma* which introduced Maria Callas to London in 1952. Not the least of the interests of the latter is the participation, as Clotilde, of Joan Sutherland.

In the area of interest bearing on a single composer, attention might be directed to our Strauss file, which contains, in addition to the Lehmann and Reiner matter previously mentioned, such treasures as *Ariadne* under Beecham from Glyndebourne, a *Frau ohne Schatten* from Munich in 1955 directed by Rudolf Kempe, an *Intermezzo* from Vienna (1954), a full-length *Aegyptische Helena* with Leonie Rysanek, and a generous sequence of excerpts with Leontyne Price, even the first public performance of *Die Liebe der Danae* from the Salzburg Festival of 1952.

Having attained this fairly accessible plateau in the short span of two years, the Institute is setting its sights much higher in the foreseeable future. It is immediately concerned with two requirements: 1) More subscribers at a minimal fee of $5.00, to widen the scope of its supporters, for the return privilege of auditioning material of their choice at stated intervals, as well as participation in weekly audition-recitals of rarities from the archives; and 2) contributors who will make tax-free contributions to enlarge the resources of the Archive to acquire such a respository of specialized interest as the late Jan Holcman's collection of piano discs, which is now up for sale.

As much, or even more (it is hard to assign to priorities in such matters), the Institute asks, nay implores, aid from individuals all over the country who may have, moldering in the attic, dusty half-forgotten transcriptions of some of those early Met broadcasts, or the Chicago Opera performances which went on the air even earlier, or the *Pelléas* which Mary Garden sang in Boston in the early 1930s, and which *was* broadcast. . .

It might be asked why those who possess such heirlooms should make them available to an enterprise which is, after all, of primary utility to New Yorkers. The answer is simple: any central repository would be better than none; and it is a fact that acquisition begets acquisition. Even more pertinently, there is no reason why, with the availability of magnetic tape, such a central source could not serve as the basis for similar collections elsewhere. But it is of the first importance that a master file should first be created. And where better than Carnegie Hall?



—Eugene Cook.

One of the eleven individual listening booths of the Institute's audition room. Three are now operative.

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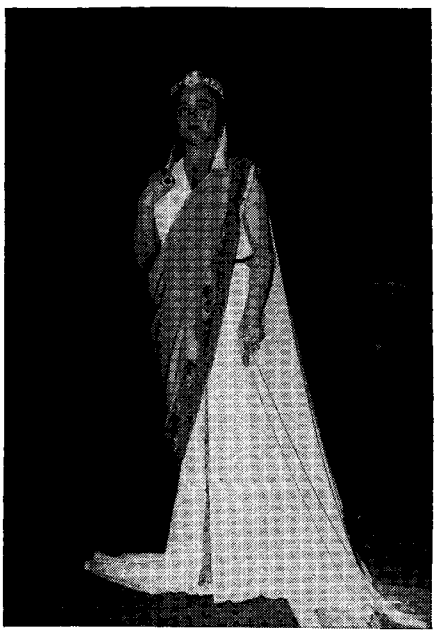
The Fall Opera Recordings

French

FEW operas are so pregnant with contradictions of style and inconsistency of values as the *Samson et Dalila* of Saint-Saëns; yet, the over-all pleasure created by this work in the theatre is considerable. Its effect grows on discs, with the static first act —full of lengthy choruses—taking on the aspect of a fine oratorio. These passages for massed voices and orchestra, unrewarding on the stage, bear a life of their own on records; even the half-baked orientalism of the dances in the opening and closing scenes can be passed over through judicious pacing. What remains, once the surplus decoration has been stripped away, is a glowing, beautiful score, more symphonic than one had imagined, yet gloriously vocal.

The work has just been recorded by Angel (mono 3639, $14.98; stereo S-3639, $17.98), showing a cast of splendid performers on the album cover, which augers well. Rita Gorr sings Dalila; Jon Vickers, Samson; and Ernest Blanc, the High Priest. The orchestra of the Paris Opéra is conducted by Georges Prêtre. That the album's promise is only partially fulfilled stems from the demanding nature of the score itself, which calls for a pair of protagonists vocally rare in our time. Samson, properly, must be a clarion dramatic tenor, and Dalila a genuine contralto (*not* mezzo-soprano) with an extension to a top B flat. Her indicated quality is dark, round, voluptuous; phrases should flow with a melting, dusky color. Mme. Gorr, a noble artist, is not equipped by nature for this type of sound. Hers is an Amneris, an Eboli voice, which, when not driven too hard, can produce a thrilling effect. As Dalila, she is a skilled interpreter, an excellent musician, but I find her timbre lacking in sensuous overtones. Mme. Gorr may sharp from time to time or blast at an occasional top note, but this in itself is not disturbing. There are great artists in whom one accepts surface blemishes because they have so much to offer basically. Her shortcomings as Dalila are less those of technique than of basic suitability. She is exciting in the part, but rarely a seductress.



Rita Gorr as Dalila—"exciting . . . but rarely a seductress"

Jon Vickers sings two different Samsons: in the first act with tentative vocal condition and precious style; in the balance, quite impressively. He lacks tonal weight and an organlike quality needed for the role. But he does possess a talent for arching the phrase: placing the dramatic accent so as to convey the illusion of vocal size and volume. His work in the opening scene, as noted, is below par. Once he arrives in the Valley of Sorek and is stirred by awareness of Dalila, he sings extremely well.

Ernest Blanc is a very good high Priest, and the basso, Anton Diakov, doubles effectively as Abimelech and the Old Hebrew. First honors in this recording, however, go to the conductor, Georges Prêtre, who draws beautiful tone and first-rate rhythm from his orchestra. The balance between instruments and singers is less gratifying than in previous Angel recordings—marred by an excess of "spatial" staging. Despite these drawbacks, the new *Samson et Dalila* is the best in the field. Those who admire Saint-Saëns's score would do well to acquire it.

Another new Angel French opera release has excerpts from Massenet's *Hérodiade,* contained on a single-disc (mono 36145, $4.98; stereo S-36145, $5.98). Most of the better known scenes are included: Salomé's "Il est doux, il est bon"; the grand duo for Salomé and Jean which concludes Act I; Herod's "Vision fugitive"; the confrontation between Herod and Salomé; and various episodes involving the fiery Hérodiade. With the exception of the big first-act duet, this is not top-drawer Massenet. Working in a forced and grandiose style alien to his lyrical gift, the composer has turned out a French equivalent of *Gioconda,* without the savage vitality of Ponchielli's opera.

Rita Gorr scores as Hérodiade; Albert Lance is an adequate Jean, and Michel Dens a good Herod. Régine Crespin offers a touching Salomé (who, in this version of the tale, is intent on saving John the Baptist), but her vocal quality seems a trifle mature for the part. Jacques Mars does an outstanding bit as Phanuel. As in Angel's *Samson et Dalila,* the Paris Opéra orchestra, conducted by Georges Prêtre, plays extremely well.

—Robert Lawrence.

RARELY, if ever, has there been a recorded *Carmen* with so little singing as the current one from London (mono A-4368, $14.98; stereo OSA 1368, $17.94). This is not to say good singing, or bad singing, but singing as such. Not one of the performers is vocally comfortable in the assigned part, resulting in a wide range of subterfuges and expedients to get around the fact that this is, after all, vocal music—to be *sung.*

The unfortunate fact is that Regina Resnik, who had this golden opportunity to record her Carmen full-length, is tonally restricted. She is able to summon a real surge of sound only in the dramatic outbursts of the Card Scene and the last act. Thus, her shrewdly calculated, vocally varied reading of the role is conveyed, in Acts I and II, by a breathy, over-the-voice sound, which has little body. It is effectively assisted by the microphone, but it quavers at phrase ends and conveys little aural pleasure otherwise. In the Card Scene and the last act, Miss Resnik puts all her theatrical experience to work to the end of a chilling climax; but it owes more to dramatic imagination than vocal abundance.

The same opportunity to go all out vocally gives Mario del Monaco his best moments of the opera. Through Acts I and II this sound—nasal, con-

(*Continued on page* 63)

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Italian

LONDON'S new *Traviata* (mono 4366, $14.98; stereo S 1366, $17.98); should be treasured by all lovers of fine singing—not, however, for the Violetta of Joan Sutherland but for the Alfredo of Carlo Bergonzi and almost as much for the Father Germont of Robert Merrill. In a generous range of Alfredos through Peerce at his best to Schipa (on and off records), Bergonzi is not only the equal of any in vocal suitability but superior to almost all in the care, intelligence, and beautiful finish with which he sings the music. Every word floats; there is scarcely a push or a strain at any time, even in "Oh mio rimorso," which he sings as well as "De' miei bollenti spiriti." It is a model match of the voice for which the music was written and the music the voice was born to sing. For reasons only he can explain, the role is not currently in Bergonzi's stage repertory.

Germont was the role that Merrill sang the night he put foot on the Met's stage for the first time, and one that he recorded with Albanese and Peerce under the direction of Toscanini. He could sing it well by only half trying; when he puts forth all his resources as he does in this recording, it is a delight to hear. This includes the music at the end of Act II with Alfredo ("No, non udrai rimproveri"), which is most often omitted to permit the baritone to bask in the applause of the preceding "Di Provenza."

As for Miss Sutherland, it is necessary only to compare her sound with the authentically Italian one of Bergonzi or the simulated one of Merrill to determine how many statute miles separate her from the focal point of the role. From the outset in "Flora, amici," it is heavy, earthbound, and of a thickness unbecoming the vocal line of Verdi. Needless to say, Miss Sutherland applies to the notes every resource of skill and care she commands, and some phrases are exquisitely turned, as each trill and printed ornament (and a good many that are not) emerges with a chiseled perfection. But what is it that is chiseled? Not molten matter, or any other yielding substance, but wood or stone. More particularly, the sound rarely relates to the meaning of the words she is singing at a particular time.

In the second act, her voice is lightened a trifle but not enough to define a transition from one phase of the role to another. There is something more appealing in her first exchange with Alfredo in Scene II of Act II, but not the womanly essence, the warmth and vibrance that one waits to hear in this music whatever the characteristic of a particular voice. Callas did it one way and Tebaldi another, as Albanese did it a third and Bori a fourth. But always, one felt that tremor of the throat that conveyed a human being's distress and emotion. With Sutherland it is always just a vibration of air, impersonal and nonmagnetic. When, at the end of the second act, she goes into her Lucia voice, one wonders if a new "Mad Scene" has been added to the literature.

Most disappointingly of all, Miss Sutherland's reading of the letter in the last act adds nothing at all to the drama of the situation, but indeed detracts from it, so far is the spoken sound from the sung tone. Further, the voice gets heavier and heavier as the "Addio, del passato" (at a funereal pace) drags out, so that it loses its momentum on the repetition. She sings "Parigi, o cara" well, but, "Ah! gran Dio! morir si giovine," while providing opportunity for one of Bergonzi's most exquisite effects, hardly meets the meaning of the text as she treats it.

John Pritchard's conducting has solidity and a good deal of careful articulation, especially in the preludes to Acts I and III (as the last division is described here). Elsewhere, as in the opening of Act I and the second scene of Act II, he tends to the opinion that if something is played and sung fast enough, it will sound exciting. It can, however, be merely chaotic. Nonetheless, the orchestra plays better than one is accustomed to hearing from the Florence May Festival ensemble, and for that the credit must be his. Giovanni Foiani, as Dottore Grenvil, is outstanding among the subordinate singers. Very good sound, especially on the tape, where the breaks are limited to a single interruption (Act II).

—IRVING KOLODIN.

ALTHOUGH the lesser-known Verdi is but scantily represented on LP, DGG has chosen to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the composer's birth with a new *Trovatore* (mono 18835/7, $17.94; stereo SL PM 13885/7, $20.94), the second to utilize the excellent La Scala forces and the sixth in the current catalog (several others are still generally available though officially deleted). Since the Milanov-Bjoerling-Warren *Trovatore* on RCA is still the version with the most extraordinary vocalism, since the Price-Tucker-Warren set (also RCA) is almost as well sung and has the added advantage of stereo, and since Karajan's recording (Angel) restored most of the passages usually cut, there is hardly a pressing need for the DGG contribution. Yet the primitive but direct impact of *Trovatore* is un-

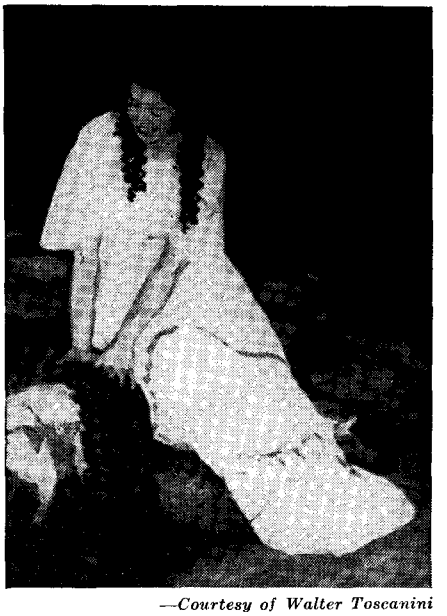
(*Continued on page* 62)

German

TODAY it is no longer so fashionable as it was a few years ago to dismiss the late Strauss output as nothing more than rehashed *Rosenkavalier*. Little by little, the public is beginning to acknowledge the refinement melodic inspiration, and deceptive simplicity of the German master in his final years. Few works argue so convincingly for the "declining" Strauss as does *Daphne*. (Limited private edition available from the Musician's Foundation, 131 Riverside Drive, New York, 24. Project sponsored by Walter Toscanini. Two-record set, mono only, contribution $20.00.)

Although many specialists consider this "bucolic tragedy in one act" prime Strauss, it has not enjoyed the popularity of, say, *Arabella*, or even *Capriccio*. Not all the reasons for this relate to musical quality, however. In the first place, *Daphne* was written at a time (1937) when Strauss's political stand (or lack of one) made him an unsympathetic figure in many eyes. Perhaps *Daphne* has retained a certain negative stigma as a result. Furthermore, staging the mythological opera presents some extraordinary problems—in the opening scene, a herd of sheep stampede across the stage, and in the finale, the heroine is literally turned into a tree. Casting three of its parts adequately is even more perplexing, for the seventy-three-year-old Strauss seemed to be writing for imaginary, superhuman singers: a Heldentenor (Apollo) who can sustain the cruelest of high tessituras for painfully

(*Continued on page* 62)



—Courtesy of Walter Toscanini

Rose Bampton—"sings the title role (Daphne) radiantly."

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Recordings in Review

Sympathetic Schubert

SCHUBERT: *Sonatas in B flat and A minor (Op. 143). Fou Ts'ong, piano.* Westminster WST 19038, $4.98; stereo 17038, $4.98.

Is it possible that the Schubert pianist of the future is this native of Peking? Considering the quality of his accomplishment as well as the range of his capacities, there could be only two things wrong with that query: "possible" should read "probable," and "future" should be amended to the "very near future."

Partisans of Schubert's piano music have not been lacking in the post-Schnabel generation—Fleisher, Curzon, Badura-Skoda, Brendel, to name but a few among their seniors such as Horowitz, Richter, Solomon, and the indefatigible Webster Aitken—but if they have been leading from strength, it was sometimes the wrong kind. That is, the strength of equipment which needs harnessing or restraint to match the very special needs of this composer, tonally and temperamentally.

Fou Ts'ong, on the basis of his preceding recording of Mozart, as well as of this, appears to have in almost ideal combination the qualities of physical and mental resource to make him the responsive lyre to Schubert's stroke. His sense of melodic statement is unfailing; even through so long a movement as the nineteen-minute *Molto moderato* of the B-flat sonata. Strong though the temptation must be after a while to "do something" to vary the beautiful but oft-repeated phrase with which it begins and ends, he holds its shape beautifully in hand throughout. Fou Ts'ong's solution is to give it just a bit of dynamic variation without approaching the languishing "Isn't it too beautiful?" emphasis to which even some more experienced artists are prone. Moreover, Fou Ts'ong's musical sophistication is equal to the shading and subtleties Schubert imparts to the repetitions or restatements of his ideas, within a range of taste that does not search for them where they are nonexistent. Best of all, his normal level of piano sound is just at the medium resonance that serves this composer best. Walthamstow Town Hall, which has served for such big recordings as Beecham's *Messiah* and Leinsdorf's *Walküre*, makes a fine surrounding for this solo endeavor.

Ogdon of England

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto No. 1 in B-flat minor.* FRANCK: *Variations symphoniques. John Ogdon, piano, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir John Barbirolli.* Angel 36142, $4.98; stereo S 36142, $5.98.

With or without the accolade earned at Moscow in the spring of 1962 as co-winner of the Tchaikovsky Competition with the redoubtable Vladimir Ashkenazy, John Ogdon would clearly be recognizable as a standout (or outstanding) among the pianists of his generation not previously known to us. This does not relate exclusively, or even primarily, to his pianistic capacities, but rather to the composite he presents of virtuoso musician, or musician-virtuoso.

The swing from Tchaikovsky to Franck is wide enough to cover an exacting range of values, digital as well as dynamic, and the conclusion tends to be that Ogdon is more stimulating for the exhilarating effect of his musical temperament, interpretative ideas, and freshness of spirit than he is for runs or octaves, broken chords, or staccati. Indeed, there is a suggestion in this recording of a hardness of tone and blunt attack on the keyboard not noted in a Festival Hall concert of last summer (when he was playing Schumann).

Ogdon's Tchaikovsky is not nearly so massive or exciting as Cliburn's, and he clearly does not command a comparable kind of pianistic glamor. But his workmanship is always finished, his facility quite enough to carry him through the waltzy section of the slow movement (which Barbirolli takes at anything but a leisurely pace). Perhaps when he has reaped the immediate rewards of his Russian success—he is due for an American visit after the first of the year—he will have the opportunity to pursue the interests in Busoni, Elliott Carter, etc., which are reputed to be close to his affections. Barbirolli's orchestral backgrounds, incidentally, would be hard to surpass for plasticity, thoroughness, or sheer musical pleasure. Very good sound, too.

John Ogdon (playing for Russian friends in Moscow) —"a standout among pianists of his generation . . ."

Mozartian from Hartford

MOZART: *"Or sai chi l'onore" and "Non mi dir" (Don Giovanni), "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono" (Le Nozze di Figaro), "Come scoglio" and "Per pietà" (Così fan tutte), "Ach, ich fühl's" (Die Zauberflöte). Teresa Stich-Randall, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Laszlo Somogyi.* Westminister WST 19046, $4.98; stereo 17046, $4.98.

The hard and resolute work Teresa Stich-Randall has done over a decade to master this literature (she was first reviewed in *SR* as Fiordiligi of an Aix-en-Provence *Così* in 1953) is vividly evident in this collection of arias, about the most difficult hour of singing a soprano can undertake. It is difficult to think of any contemporary, of whatever nationality, who could do as well in the broad scope of the material ranging from Donna Anna to Pamina and taking in Fiordiligi and the Countess Rosina on the way.

What is more remarkable, perhaps, is that Miss Stich-Randall is at her musicianly best and her vocally most dis-

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tinguished in the two arias of Donna Anna, which would be nominated, by most, as the most demanding of the seven she undertakes. The reason for this, in my view, is that Miss Stich-Randall has worked out every one of the vocal and dramatic problems in the two arias to the extent that she is never surprised nor taken unaware by any sudden inconvenience they contain. Doubtless others approach these problems with the same intent: the difference with Miss Stich-Randall is that she persevered with them to the finality of a solution.

Oddly, Miss Stich-Randall is least persuasive in the material that would seem to present the least difficulties: the two arias of the Countess and the one of Pamina. They have this much in common—legato, legato, legato. And Miss Stich-Randall's endeavor to make a pure, sustained, seamless exposition of them is altogether evident. What seems to be bothering her, however, is the conception of an *instrumental* execution, often admired and much sought after. But when a Rethberg or a Lemnitz sang "Ach ich fühl's" instrumentally, it was still with the warmth and vitality of sound that makes a voice a voice, not the cool vibrato-less timbre Miss Stich-Randall employs to achieve her end. The orchestra led by Somogyi performs admirably in her support, but the tenor who interpolates the words of Don Ottavio (F. D. Graupe) in "Or sai chi l'onore" is only partially inaudible.

Crespin, Now and Then

ROSSINI: *"Sombre forêt" (Guillaume Tell).* VERDI: *"D'amor sull'ali rosee" (Il Trovatore), "Mia madre" and "Ave Maria" (Otello).* WAGNER: *"Dich, teure Halle" and "Allmächt'ge Jungfrau" (Tannhäuser).* BERLIOZ: *"D'amour l'ardente flamme" (Le Damnation de Faust). Régine Crespin, soprano, with Otto Ackermann conducting the Paris Opera Orchestra.* Angel 36144 $4.98. Mono only.

VERDI: *"Tacea la notte" (Il Trovatore)* and *"Morrò ma prima un grazia" (Un Ballo); "Mia madre" and "Ave Maria" (Otello).* PONCHIELLI: *"Suicidio" (La Gioconda).* MASCAGNI: *"Voi lo sapete" (Cavalleria Rusticana).* PUCCINI: *"Un bel dì" (Madama Butterfly).* BOITO: *"L'altra notte" (Mefistofele). Régine Crespin, soprano, with Covent Garden Opera Orchestra conducted by Edward Downes.* London 5799, $4.98; stereo OS 25799, $5.98.

To judge from vocal quality alone and the wide-ranging artistry that enables her to perform equally well in French, Italian, and German, it is the Angel disc that should represent Crespin's art at its more mature. The facts are, however, that the Paris-made collection with Ackermann dates from 1958, the London-recorded one with Downes from spring of this year. The differences are not so much in the sound of the voice—though I prefer it as reproduced in Paris—as in the control of it, especially in the Verdi material in which the two compilations draw on parallel sources.

What this may relate to is hard to say, save that she took more pains with her production when the material was newer to her (as in the *Otello* excerpts of 1958) than she did after five years more of familiarity. So far as the second sides are concerned, there is no doubt that Mme. Crespin is a better protagonist for Elisabeth and Berlioz's Marguerite than she is for La Gioconda, or Santuzza, or, especially, Butterfly. If this is the price of popularity, it is too high.

Certainly the level of the earlier disc is elevated considerably by the two French selections, which have rarely been sung so well in recent recordings. Her sympathy for the Rossini aria is of the same order as the moodily eloquent singing of "D'amour l'ardente flamme"—which is pronounced. Ackermann is more an asset to their total purpose than Downes is on the other disc. If there is any barrier to a recommendation of the Angel collection it would be the lack of a stereo equivalent; it was done only in mono. But it is first-class sound and rewardingly high-class singing.

Mozart for Winds

MOZART: *Serenade in B flat (K.361). Jack Brymer directing the London Wind Soloists.* London CM 6346, $4.98; stereo CS 6346, $5 98. *Serenade in E flat (K.375), Divertimento in E flat (K.166) and Divertimento in F (K.213). The same.* London CM 6347, $4.98; stereo CI 6347, $5.98. *Serenade in C minor (K.388), Divertimento in B flat (K.186) and Divertimento in F (K.253). The same.* London CM 6348, $4.98; stereo CS 6348, $5.98. *Divertimento in B flat (K.240), Divertimento in E flat (K.226), Divertimento in E flat (K.252) and Adagio in F (K.410). The same.* London CM 6349, $4.98; stereo CS 6349, $5.98. *Divertimento in B flat (K.270), Divertimento in B flat (K.A.227), Divertimento in E flat (K.289) and Adagio in B flat (K. 411). The same.* London CM 6350, $4.98; stereo CS 6350, $5.98.

This issue will hardly earn London as many headlines or as much attention as the complete *Siegfried* or Britten's *War Requiem*, but there will be those who will phrase their praises in no less ecstatic terms. In the first place, it brings together in a homogeneous sequence a file of works whose family relationship is unmistakable, but which one has rarely had the opportunity to correlate before. In the second, it brings together three of the Royal Philharmonic's finest wind players—Jack Brymer, clarinet, Terence MacDonaugh, oboe, and Roger Birnstigl, bassoon—with Alan Civil, of the Philharmonia, who is generally considered the successor to the late Dennis Brain as England's finest hornist. Associated with them are equally representative choices from the ranks of London's best orchestras.

What this provides, in the subtlest as well as the most emphatic terms, is a uniformity of style and phrasing comparable to that purveyed by the best French players or the members of the Vienna Philharmonic. Taking all things together, these men practice an electric English style that combines the finicky detail of the French with the warmth of the Viennese as no Continental school does on its own. Certainly they occupy much more of a middle ground than, say, the Berlin Philharmonic players, who tend to less vibrato, more harshness in the reeds.

Out of this emerges a series of performances whose total of merits is not wholly evident until one has progressed beyond the delights, rich as they are, of the well-known "big" pieces such as the B flat Divertimento (K.361), the E flat Serenade (K.375), and the C minor Serenade (K.388) to the lighter, less demanding K.186, K.240, or K.253. The former are the mountain heights of this literature, and the wind groups around the world that have attempted to scale them have naturally applied the most of their skill and experience to solving their problems. But the little summits that cluster at the foothills of the heights are full of modest beauties of their own, and it is to the definition of these that we owe the greatest thanks to Brymer and

(*Continued on page* 59)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: Piano Concerto (No. 3) and Concerto for Viola. Czech Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Karel Ancerl, with Eva Bernathová, piano, and Jaroslav Karlovsky, viola. Artia ALS 199, $4.98; stereo 7199, $5.98.	Bernathová has the more rewarding work to perform and performs it in a way to merit all its rewards. Hers is a clear, straightforward, admirably balanced style of piano playing, with a sound that is brightly attuned to the needs of the music, which has come to be recognized as one of Bartók's most fanciful, beautifully fabricated scores. The work for viola was another case entirely, for the composer's sketches required two years' work by Tibor Serly to put in order. To my taste it is a somewhat scrappy, inconclusive example of late Bartók, with beauties of a kind that make all the more regrettable his inability to work it out by himself. Karlovsky is a good performer, but without the musical distinction to realize Bartók's purpose.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 3 in C minor; Rondo in B-flat. Sviatoslav Richter, piano, with the Vienna Symphony conducted by Kurt Sanderling. DGG LPM 18848, $5.98; stereo SLPM 138848, $5.98.	Richter matches himself superbly to the requirements of this work, insofar as dynamics and tonal production are concerned, and adheres rigorously to the determined dimensions throughout. However, this does not exclude a range of contrast from the featherlight octaves at the end of the slow movement to a crisply invigorating attack for the incisive theme of the finale. Sanderling's prescription for the orchestra is exactly the same as Richter's for the piano, so it might be said the results are thoroughly compounded. Even for persons long experienced with Beethoven, the added B-flat Rondo is apt to be an unfamiliar experience and thus doubly welcome. It is a plausible if unsupported contention of the anonymous annotator that it might have been meant as a finale of the B-flat concerto, replaced by the present conclusion. In any case, this is an agreeable work which Richter plays with taste and cunning pianistic detail.
Brahms: Symphony No. 2 and *Academic Festival* Overture. Pierre Monteux conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Philips stereo PHM 500 035, $4.98; stereo PHS 900 035, $5.98. Symphony No. 2. Pierre Monteux conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Victrola VIC 1055, $2.50; stereo VICS 1055, $3.00.	It is perhaps the highest tribute to Monteux's clarity of thought and honesty of purpose—as well as to the size of the craftsmanship he can put to work on behalf of both—that one could listen sequentially to both performances of the Brahms Second and enjoy each. Each has some attribute the other lacks: in the VVV (Vienna-Victrola-version) it is the rich texture of the orchestra itself, the sonority of the horns, and the finish of the instrumental solos generally. In the LSO it is the hardly believable surge and vitality of the direction which, at eighty-seven, is even more pronounced than it was half a dozen years before. Add to this an *Academic Festival* of appealing mock gravity and real joviality, and the Philips is well worth the difference. In both, incidentally, Monteux spins out the first movement's length by taking the repetition which most conductors omit.
Handel: *Royal Fireworks Music,* Double Concerto in B flat (No. 27), and Concerto in G minor for oboe. The Jean-François Paillard Chamber Orchestra. Musical Heritage Society MHS 511, $2.50. Mono only.	This version takes a middle ground between the many in which strings are added to an ensemble of winds and percussion (according to an arrangement by the composer himself) and the one (VOX 500 750) in which the original specifications are followed, using instruments of rather rough tonal character. Paillard's ensemble reduces the nine trumpets, nine horns, twenty-four oboes, and twelve bassoons of the original by a third, but preserves the proportions specified by Handel. What is even more important, he has a firm sense of pace with the kind of rhythmic propulsion that made Beecham's Handel notable. Brilliantly performed, it is an irresistible musical pleasure in a recording of this quality. The double concerto utilizes "And the glory of the Lord" from *Messiah* and other sections from *Belshazzar* and *Semele* as the material of a stimulating instrumental sequence for winds and strings. In the concerto, Pierlot gives another demonstration of the reasons for which he has been ranked as one of the best oboists in Paris. The recording has fine breadth and naturalness.
Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 44 and 49. Renato Ruotolo conducting the Orchestra San Pietro of Naples. Decca DL 10069, $4.98; stereo 710069, $5.98.	The special problems of scoring these works present (especially for recording) are somewhat slighted in the generally musical performances under the direction of Ruotolo. Much of the writing is concentrated in the middle register, and when the string section is as small as the one of this orchestra is the bottom must be emphasized more than it is here in order to avoid a sense of imbalance. Unfortunately that has not been done, so that the original thinness of texture is intensified. On the whole, the results achieved by Ruotolo are best in the slow movements, where the sustained strings make for a sonority lacking in the broken pattern of the allegros.
Mendelssohn: *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (excerpts). Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra and chorus, with Arlene Saunders and Helen Vanni, vocalists, and Inga Swenson, reader. RCA Victor LS-2673, $4.98; stereo LSC 2673, $5.98. With portfolio: LSD, $6.98; stereo LSCD, $7.98.	There is a more consistent poetic content in Miss Swenson's reading of interpolated lines from Shakespeare's play than there is in the neat, precise and intrinsically literal rendition of the score by the Boston Symphony players. Such clarity and precision as Leinsdorf's supervision obtains is no minor virtue, but it is not time out of mind, since RCA's standard for the Overture, the Wedding March and the Nocturne (among other things) was the magical one of Arturo Toscanini. To be sure, the cymbal makes a gorgeous clatter here, but that leaves much that is festive unaccounted for. Also included are the Scherzo, March of the Fairies, "You spotted snakes," the Intermezzo, Dance of the Clowns, the chorus and solos on "Through this house give glimmering light" and "Trip away: make no stay." The poetic content can be augmented by investing in the king-size portfolio with its Fuseli engravings for $6.98 (mono) or $7.98 (stereo), but the music remains the same. The reproduction is some of the cleanest yet provided by the Dynagroove process.
Mozart: Concerti Nos. 6 (K. 238) and 22 (K. 482). Geza Anda, pianist and conductor, with the Chamber Orchestra of the Salzburg Mozarteum. DGG 18824, $5.98; stereo 138824, $6.98.	If the inclusion with the favorite and much played E-flat (No. 22) of the ill-favored and little played B-flat (No. 6) means that a complete series of these concerti is in preparation, so much the better. It is a project long overdue and one for which Anda has excellent equipment. At the same time, it is inevitable that an artist with a special sensitivity for a particular work assisted by a conductor who shares his point of view will excel the results possible for the all-in-one performer. For example, in the slow movement of No. 22, Anda is a little too absorbed in the phrasing of the piano variations to give the orchestral colorations the measure of attention they merit. The simpler No. 6 is delightfully performed. It has its ample attributes of charm and subtlety, if hardly a suggestion of the artful thing Mozart would make of the piano-orchestra partnership. The cadenzas are by Anda and mostly suitable. Very good sound and balance.
Prokofiev: *Alexander Nevsky.* Czech Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Karel Ancerl, with choir and Vera Soukupova, mezzo. Artia ALS 202, $4.98; stereo, 7202, $5.98.	Good performances of this score are by no means rare (currently those of Reiner-Chicago Symphony and Schippers-New York Philharmonic have enjoyed priority), but the conviction and fervor of this one are. This applies not only to Ancerl's direction of the orchestra, but especially to the performance of the group described as the "Czech Singers Choir" and Soukupova, who has a voice of uncommon quality. Rehearing it after a lapse of time leaves little doubt that it is one of Prokofiev's basic scores, containing much that was expanded in works that followed its composition in 1930. Among them were not merely works of his own, but, unquestionably, Orff's *Carmina Burana* (1936), whose genesis is contained in the choral section of side I, with its Latin refrain "Peregrinus expectavi/Pedes meos in cymbalis," and whose best effects are merely echoes of "The Battle on the Ice." Powerful sound, a little shrill on the high end. —Irving Kolodin.

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The Ballet Folklorico

By JOHN MARTIN

THE second North American tour of the Ballet Folklorico of Mexico adds further weight to the already substantial evidence that folk art is introducing a persuasive "third force" into the field of theatrical dancing. When the various classicisms go dry and inspiration runs thin, there is no more potent rejuvenator than a turn toward what simple people have done spontaneously under emotional provocations of one sort or another.

To be sure, these innocent evocations are not automatically stageworthy; before anybody can be expected to want to look at them they must go through the creative mind of an artist and the technical hands of a craftsman. That is the process that has made the work of Igor Moiseyev's company one of the most significant dance accomplishments of our time and a model for all other such procedures. It is also what makes the Ballet Folklorico a completely enchanting experience.

Amalia Hernandez, its creator and director, in her own feminine way has done a remarkable job of transforming folk material into art, retaining its native textures and forms but stepping them up into a viable theatre idiom. Her current program contains a score or more of actual folk dances, but instead of presenting them in ethnological isolation, so to speak, she has set them in backgrounds of dramatic atmosphere and continuity, of striking visual beauty and of notable musical interest.

Along with her corps of twenty-eight dancers (including herself), there is a choir of twenty-five singers and a contingent of twenty-three instrumentalists, divided into five types of native band. Though there are musical interludes while the dancers and the settings are changing, you are never made aware of arbitrary divisions and alternations; all the elements merge in an exciting spectacle that has a certain unity in spite of its enormous variety, and is in effect a kind of esthetic tour of Mexican geography and history.

For her new opening number, Mme. Hernandez has had no actual folk dancing to build upon but has composed a work choreographically from scratch, as it were. It is called *The Aztec World* and deals with the ancient gods and the creation of the universe. It has been derived from written and pictorial sources such as the famous codices and carvings of pre-Hispanic civilization. A complex theme, to be sure, but unless you are of a mind that at all times simply has to distinguish Mitlanticutli, god of the underworld, from Huitziloposhtli, god of war, its pictorial beauty and the skill of the dancing are quite enough.

Later on there is a number dealing with the mythological *Quetzal Birds of Puebla,* in which a company of eight splendid boys wearing enormous feather headdresses impersonate the sacred birds in a difficult dance of remarkable beauty of movement.

Still another ritual dance, the high point of the evening, treats of the slaying of a deer, and is part of a very ancient hunting rite of the Yaqui Indians. The impersonator of the deer is trained from childhood to observe the animal's movements and its death struggles, but the performance by Jorge Tiller is far more than one of observation and imitation; it is a miracle of muscular (and perhaps also spiritual) sympathy. A truly superb achievement.

Otherwise the program concerns itself with people—warm, real, young people—occasionally sad or pensive, but generally happy and lively. There are two contrasting wedding scenes: one from Tehuantepec is a lovely symbolic dance of courtship, marriage, and procreation; one from the Huasteca is a mercurial little triangle in which the bridegroom and a former rival duel to the latter's death with knives (and stunningly, be it said), only to have the corpse carried out and the festivities proceed as if nothing had happened.

IN *Los Tarascos* Mme. Hernandez has arranged seven songs and dances into a birth-to-death chronicle of the life of the Tarascan Indian. It contains some wonderful numbers, including especially the *Dance of the Little Old Men of Jaracuaro* and a boisterous burlesque bullfight in which the pseudo-bull wears on his blanket the motto: "Long Live Life."

For the rest there are three suites of dances; one from old Michoacán opens with a particularly fine little *Birthday Song* for three dancers in which the bodies of the two boys observe a kind of perilous tilt through some highly technical maneuvers; another is a gracious *Fiesta Veracruzana* ending with *La Bamba,* in which a boy and girl tie a lover's knot in a ribbon on the floor with their feet as they dance; and the third, a festive *Christmas in Jalisco,* brings the program to a close in swirls of confetti.

If it is difficult to single out dancers for praise, it is nevertheless a brilliant company. Its training is manifestly that of the academic ballet, in which it has acquired, among other things, an amazing allegro. It is interesting to see here how many standard "school" steps have originated in the universal field of folk dance, and how well the "school" discipline shows them off and professionalizes them. It has not, however, destroyed anything, unless it is the probable gaucheness of the original dancing.

The choir sings admirably, and some of the traditional, frequently handmade instruments are fascinating to listen to. There are especially several unfamiliar guitars and a Veracruz harp of extraordinarily felicitous tone. Not to speak, of course, of odd drums, conch shells, and a quaint and amusing village-brass-band group of Mariachis from Jalisco.

Modest but effective décors are by various artists, Dasha has designed spectacularly eye-filling costumes, and Tom Skelton has lit the stage handsomely.

Occasionally there may seem to the cold eye of the Yanqui, a touch of "mañana" that keeps a number going on a bit longer than seems absolutely necessary (in particular, a marimba waltz that would lose nothing by abbreviation), but that is quibbling, for it is a rich evening all around.

Angelica Lopez of the Ballet Folklorico in the *Rattle Dance*

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonatas in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2, and A major, Op. 101. Wilhelm Backhaus, piano. London CM 9365, $4.98; stereo CS 6365, $5.98.	The Backhaus order of thought is invariably distinguished by a strong sense of form, musical logic and dramatic climax, but it is hard to discern in either of these performances the spontaneity of feeling or the urgency of spirit essential to a wholly successful performance. What he has to offer at this point of his illustrious career counts for more in the Opus 101, and especially in the Adagio and the fugal finale, than it does in the Opus 31, No. 2. The tension or drama contained in such a performance as the famous one of Gieseking is rarely present, and it sounds rather too much like a twice-told tale. Tonally, the performances are dull, depriving the results of a sonorous element they can ill spare.
Chapi: *Curro Vargas*. Guerrero: *El Huesped del Sevillano*. Vert: *El Ultimo Romantico*. Serrano: *Los de Aragon, La Dolorosa*. Sorozabal: "La Taberna del Puerto," "No Me Quiere" (*La Isla de las Perlas*), *Entre Sevilla y Triana, Black, El Payaso*. Alfredo Kraus, tenor, with Pablo Sorozabal conducting the Concert Orchestra of Madrid. Columbia mono Ex 5105, $3.98.	The consideration here is not so much what, but who and how. To judge from this collection of romanzas and excerpts from Zarzuelas, the patron saint of Spanish popular composition is Franz Lehár. None of it comes close to Lehár at his best, but it provides as congenial occupation for Alfredo Kraus's fluid, well-used lyric voice as the original did for Tauber's. To his credit, Kraus does not abuse his capacity to achieve an easy success with "effects," concentrating on vocal line and vocal quality. The recording is better than the Spanish average.
Floyd: *The Mystery*. Phyllis Curtin, soprano, with the Louisville Orchestra conducted by Robert Whitney. Sanders: *Little Symphony No. 1*. Louisville Orchestra conducted by Whitney. Louisville Lou 635, $7.95.	The gift for evoking an atmosphere that had served Carlisle Floyd well in his stage works is less evident here. One problem is that the writing is either for voice or for orchestra: the art of combining the two into a single texture is still beyond him, for purposes of song writing. Also, the vocal line aims again and again for the same punctuating notes above the staff (F sharp and G) which diminishes the interest of the vocal line. Miss Curtin performs with her customary distinction, as well as distinctiveness, but it comes through as a rather pale sound in the register utilized. Sander's sinfonietta makes agreeable use of folk-sounding material, especially in the Largo. However, it strikes me that this orchestra has sounded better on prior recordings.
Ives: *Over the Pavements, The Rainbow, Tone Roads Nos. 1 and 3, The Indians, The Pond, Hymn* and *Hallowe'en*. Harold Farberman conducting the Boston Chamber Ensemble. *1, 2, 3; Religion, The Cage, Ich Grolle Nicht, General William Booth Enters into Heaven, A Farewell to Land* and *Ann Street*. Corinne Curry, soprano, with Luise Vosgerchian, piano. *Three Page Sonata*. Vosgerchian, piano. Cambridge Records CRS 804, $4.98; stereo 1804, $5.98.	Aside from such songs as *General William Booth Enters into Heaven* and *the Cage*, these are mostly rather purposeless experiments for such combinations as piccolo, clarinet, bassoon, trumpet, trombones and bass drum (*Over the Pavements*), or voice, flute, harp, bells, piano and strings (*The Pond*). The best of the instrumental pieces is undoubtedly *Hallowe'en*, a previously-recorded little curio which makes properly eerie noises climaxed by a whomp on the drum. The "sonata" for two pianos and bells (Bently Layton assists) is a sometimes colorful connection of sonorities, but as often a wandering search for a way out. Much of the interest in the disc relates to the vocal talent of Miss Curry, a young soprano with a lovely sound and an intelligently musical approach to her profession. Her ability to deal with conventional material is conveyed by *Ich Grolle Nicht*, an effort of the youthful Ives, by the side of which Schumann's is the work of a dangerous revolutionary. Miss Vosgerchian does her work with consistent competence. Good recording.
Liszt: Rhapsody No. 12. Brahms: Paganini Variations (Book II). Stravinsky: Three scenes from *Petrouchka*. Chopin: Polonaise in A flat. Gina Bachauer, piano. Mercury 50349, $4.98; stereo 90349, $5.98.	Miss Bachauer provides a superbly purposeful performance of the Liszt, in which the nationalistic character of the music rises superior to the virtuosic, and her playing of the Paganini Variations makes one wish she had assumed responsibility for the whole, rather than only a part, of it. Overside, the returns tend to be of a diminishing character, for there is not much she can do with the *Petrouchka* scenes but prove, again, the strength and accuracy of the equipment she commands which is by now a fairly well established fact. The Chopin comes off least well because she tends to emphasize externals (tone, drive, impact) at a cost to the internal tension of the music. Good broad recording, and, in the Liszt, remarkably lifelike.
Mozart: Quartets No. 16 in E flat (K. 428) and No. 17 in B flat (K. 485). Juilliard String Quartet. Epic LC 3870, $4.98; stereo BC 1270, $5.98.	The clean lines and subtly contrasting dynamic differentiations of these performances are consistently of the high quality the Juilliard Quartet has conditioned the listener to expect, especially in their most recent work for the Epic label. At the same time it is a little hard to accept the onward rush in the first movement of the B-flat (*Hunt*) quartet, which distinguishes not at all between the initial theme and its successor. Doubtless this is directly related to the markings of the score on which the performance is based, but there is also something to be said for the sense of the music, marked or otherwise. The E-flat is consistently well played. Fine quartet reproduction.
Schubert: "Der König in Thulé," "Gretchen am Spinnrade," "Gretchens Bitte," "Wie anders, Gretchen" (*Faust*). Schumann: "Abschied," "Nach der Geburt," "An die Königin Elisabeth," "Abschied von der Welt," "Gebet" (*Gedichte der Maria Stuart*). Brahms: *Deutsche Volkslieder* ("Die Sonne scheint nicht mehr," "Die Schwalbe ziehet fort," "Da unten im Tale," "Die Trauernde," "Mein Mädel hat einen Rosenmund," "Schwesterlein," "In stiller Nacht," "Maria ging aus wandern," "Wie komm' ich denn zur Tür herein?" "Soll sich der Mond nicht heller scheinen," "All mein Gedanken, dich ich hab' "). Irmgard Seefried, soprano, with Erik Werba, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 19372, $4.98; stereo 136372, $5.98.	Only the Brahms arrangements of the German folk songs bring to the ear the kind of sound or interpretative artistry associated with Seefried at her best, and that only intermittently. Most of the time she performs in a steady mezzoforte, with little variation either of color or dynamics. One who had never heard her before might admire the excellent articulation of the texts, the steady sense of their meaning that is conveyed in her recitation of syllabic content. But it is evident to one who has experienced her singing over the whole period of its public prominence that she has made an adaptation to recent limitations of range and quality. In this song or that, an artistic effect is achieved ("Gretchen am Spinnrade" or the Brahms arrangement of "Mein Mädel hat einen Rosenmund"), but over any substantial span of the repertory, the effect is monotonous in its sameness of volume and color. Werba plays down, as needed, to respect his partner's limitations.
Schumann: *Davidsbündlertänze*; *Carnaval*. Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3869, $4.98; stereo BC 1269, $5.98.	It is always a pleasure to encounter the refined and conscious artistry of Rosen, especially in a composer whose works he has not previously been identified with, like Schumann. What he has to offer suits Schumann's requirements very well, save for an inclination to guard his emotional statement, with the results that tend to be close-to-the-vest, expressively. This is more conspicuous in the *Carnaval* than in the *Davidbündlertänze*, probably for the reason that it is heard more often and has a much more identifiable public character. Perhaps what is really at fault here is that Rosen's piano sound doesn't have a real singing quality; hence, when he is playing below mezzoforte, it sounds bland and withdrawn. More conscious attention to this phase of his performance might enable him to derive much more in listening appeal from his very well conceived interpretations. —I.K.

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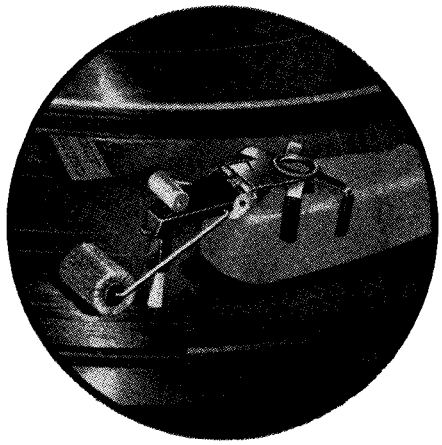
Fidelity Begins in the Groove



Changer Dust Bug designed by Cecil E. Watts

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Since the beginning of the microgroove revolution, each advance has brought some side effect accentuating the problems of record care. The unbreakable vinyl of the new, long-playing records was more likely to build up a static charge and was more easily scratched by the dust the charge collected; the new, higher-compliance cartridges were, at their lower tracking forces, less likely to grind dust into the record groove, but also less likely to dislodge it. And improved high-frequency and transient response throughout the system have made every click, hiss, and pop just that much more audible.

The manufacturers help prevent dust damage by packaging their records with inner sleeves that protect them from dust during storage—provided that the inner sleeves are inserted with their open end facing away from the open end of the outer jacket; some manufacturers incorporate raised rim and label areas, to prevent stacked records from scratching each other; some even incorporate static-reducing agents in the record material itself. But from the moment a record is opened, care becomes the listener's responsibility.

Dust-catching fingerprints can be avoided if discs are handled only by the rim and label areas—never by the grooves. Fingers should also be kept from the stylus, where natural oils can cause a choking wad of dust to collect; styli can be cleaned by the special stylus brushes available for the purpose, or by careful application of a small camels-hair or sable paintbrush.

There are many devices available to remove what dirt is in the grooves already. Most depend on a velour pad, whose soft but spiky fibers can reach into record grooves to dig dust gently from the very bottom.

Oldest and best known of these is the Dust Bug, a creation of England's Cecil Watts, an authority on record care. The Dust Bug is a small plastic arm, pivoting on a suction-cup base. At its tip is a stiff nylon brush that tracks the record grooves exactly as a pickup does, loosening dust, which is then picked up by the slightly moistened velour pad behind it. The main purpose of the lightly applied Dust Bug fluid, however, is to create a leakage path between Dust Bug and record, preventing a static build-up.

The Parastatik Preener and the manual Parastat, other inventions of Mr. Watts, operate on similar principles, save that their larger pads are used to sweep the entire record in two or three revolutions on the turntable. The Parastat has a nylon brush between its velour pads for deep cleaning of older, dirtier discs, and serves—when tilted slightly—as a Preener for new ones.

The ADC Hush Brush, which incorporates a reservoir for its anti-static fluid, operates on the same basic principle as the Preener.

Joe Grado is a maverick who prefers to take advantage of static. His Grado Dustat is used dry, and attracts dirt away from the record through the static charge built up as it sweeps the moving record. For those disdaining store-bought gadgetry, Mr. Grado recommends a velour cloth, coated light with a spray-on silicone lubricant.

These devices follow two paramount rules: One should sweep the length of the groove, never across it; and no residue should be left behind, for modern cartridges are unable to displace the lubricating films that were useful in the days of heavier tracking force.

Record care has benefited from the atomic age through the use of radioactive substances to eliminate static electricity, such as the Staticmaster 2U500/BFI, an ionizing unit suspended over the record, or small pellets to be attached to the tone arm. These devices are best used in conjunction with physical cleaning devices, as in the Staticmaster 3R500 brush, or a combination of Dust Bug and de-ionizer. But radioactive substances should be kept out of reach of children and animals.

Another old standby is an occasional bath for your records, in a lukewarm, mild detergent solution, followed by a good rinse, and drying with a soft, clean, lint-free cloth. This should, ideally, be preceded by groove cleaning with one of the devices mentioned.

But while dust can be removed, the scratches and abrasions caused by dust and careless handling can only be prevented. Cleanliness and periodic stylus checking help, but it is important that the stylus track with proper force; records are damaged not only by styli plowing through groove modulations at too high a pressure, but also by the ricochet of styli tracking too lightly to maintain contact within the groove. Proper stylus pressure for your pickup can best be determined with a test record prepared for the purpose, and through following the pickup manufacturer's recommendations.

Many music listeners have more money invested in their record collections than in their equipment. With a bit of care, this investment can be protected, and treasured records can continue to give musical enjoyment years after they have sunk silently and irreplaceably from the catalogues.

—IVAN BERGER.

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RECORDINGS REPORT: STAGE AND SCREEN

TITLES, PERFORMERS, DATA	REPORT
Spoon River Anthology by Edgar Lee Masters. Conceived and Directed by Charles Aidman, with Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten and Mr. Aidman. Original songs by Mr. Aidman and Naomi Caryl Hirshhorn, performed by Miss Hirshhorn and Hal Lynch. Columbia OL 6010 ($4.98); OS 2410 (Stereo) ($5.98).	In its current adaptation *Spoon River* is stirring theatre, and it remains no less compelling a panorama in its translation to disc. Edgar Lee Masters's miniature character studies—posthumous self-portraits by the occupants of a small town cemetery—are by turns cynical, proud, amusing, pathetic, and also amazingly incisive considering their brevity (the longest of these vignettes takes only a minute and a half). Let there, however, be no stinting of praise for Betty Garrett, Joyce Van Patten and the Messrs. Aidman and Elston: these four turn themselves into forty, with stunningly virtuoso performances that enormously enhance the impact of the verses themselves. The spoken material is nicely framed and underscored by several folk tunes, along with some excellent original songs in folk style, all sung with sensitivity and compassion by Naomi Caryl Hirshhorn and Hal Lynch.
Here's Love: A new musical with music and lyrics by Meredith Willson. Janis Paige, Craig Stevens, Laurence Naismith, Valerie Lee, Paul Reed, Fred Gwynne and other members of the Broadway cast, with chorus and orchestra directed by Elliot Lawrence. Columbia KOL 6000 ($5.98); KOS 2400 (Stereo) ($6.98).	On the evidence of this first new musical comedy album of the season, Meredith Willson's latest opus is a pleasantly tinseled affair, with an amiable if hardly distinguished score and enough brightly inventive touches to carry the day. An adaptation of *Miracle on 34th Street,* that wonderful old movie about one Kris Kringle who believes he is Santa Claus and finally winds up proving it, *Here's Love* is well served by all the principals, notably Janis Paige, Craig Stevens (TV's erstwhile Peter Gunn), Paul Reed and young Valerie Lee. Laurence Naismith, though, is completely irresistible as the genial Mr. Kringle, exuding a captivating blend of warmth, kindliness and twinkling whimsicality (a little along the lines of James Barton's unforgettable role in *Paint Your Wagon*). It seems more than coincidence that Mr. Naismith's four songs—"Pine Cones and Holly Berries," "Expect Things to Happen," "Here's Love" and a short Dutch carol, "The Bugle"—are among the most ingratiating in the show.
Elizabeth Taylor in London: from the soundtrack of the television production. Music composed by John Barry, arranged and conducted by Johnnie Spence. Colpix CP 459 ($3.98); SCP 459 (Stereo) ($5.98).	At the very end of this *rara avis*—an original television soundtrack recording—Elizabeth Taylor says "Thank you . . . Goodnight," thereupon speaking in a natural voice for the first time on the entire disc. Elsewhere, her obvious emoting, her melodramatic bathos nearly drowns the eloquence of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "How Shall I Count the Ways" and the other wonderful passages from Wordsworth, Queen Victoria, Churchill, et al. Fortunately, the travelogue narration of the original TV version has been omitted on the recording, replaced by more solid segments of composer John Barry's background score. Using "Greensleeves" as a frequent point of departure, Barry has woven a colorful and effective tonal tapestry, particularly in the sections depicting a serene English garden and the frightful fire of London.
The Very Best of Motion Picture Musicals: Louis Jourdan, Howard Keel, Gene Kelly, Ann Blythe, Vic Damone, Kathryn Grayson, other artists. MGM E 4171 ($4.98); SE 4171 (Stereo) ($5.98).	Listeners who fondly recall the halcyon days of MGM musicals will have a ball with this nostalgic nosegay of tunes culled from *Words and Music, Singin' in the Rain, An American in Paris, Kismet* and other popular films of (mostly) the 1940's. It's especially nice to welcome back to the catalogues Leslie Caron and Mel Ferrer singing "Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo," while other enticing tidbits here include Judy Garland's original "Over the Rainbow," George Guétary's exuberant "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise," and William Warfield's imposing version of "Old Man River."
The V.I.P.s: Music from the Original Score. Composed by Miklos Rozsa, played by the Rome Symphony Orchestra, the composer conducting. MGM 4152 ST ($4.98); S-4152 ST (Stereo) ($5.98).	Fresh from the musical wars of *Ben-Hur, El Cid* and sundry other herioc epics that have been occupying him of late, Miklos Rozsa has written a score for *The V.I.P.s* of only slightly less grandeur and sweep. Typically lush, yet at the same time rather somber, his music—at least the parts recorded here—evokes the surging romantic drama of the film rather than its plentiful supply of humor. A notable exception is the gay, folksy tune which accompanies Margaret Rutherford's appearances on screen: no doubt Mr. Rozsa agrees with almost everybody else in the world that Miss Rutherford is a notably exceptional personage.
It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World: Music from the original motion picture score, composed and conducted by Ernest Gold (Lyrics by Mack David). United Artists UAL 4110 ($4.98); UAS 5110 (Stereo) ($5.98).	Ernest Gold's aptly amusing score for *It's a Mad, Mad,* etc. *World* seems positively placid in comparison with the frenetic pace of the film itself, but it has enough sparkle and zesty good spirits to stand quite well on its own musical feet. The main title tune is certainly a catchy little thing, and once having weathered Mack David's feeble "Overture" lyrics, it and subsequent themes are subjected to a lively and imaginative set of variations. Unfortunately, the listener-who-hasn't-seen-the-movie is left at a considerable disadvantage by the complete absence of notes on either the individual selections or the story line as a whole.
The Leopard: Original Soundtrack. Music by Nino Rota, conducted by Franco Ferrara. 20th Century Fox FXG 5015 ($3.98); SXG 5015 (Stereo) ($4.98).	Nino Rota, one of the busiest film composers on the continent, is currently represented by two scores of such striking contrast that it is almost difficult to reconcile their production from the same pen. For *The Leopard,* a chronicle of the crumbling Sicilian aristocracy of a century ago, Rota has created a solid symphonic score in a style most heavily reminiscent of late French romanticism (parts could easily pass for Saint-Saëns or d'Indy). Basically restrained in nature, with noble, majestic overtones, the music—even as the subject of the film itself—seems to be of another era; somewhat fragmentary (there are fifteen separate bands on the disc), it nonetheless impresses as a unified and well-constructed score.
King Kong: *An All-African Musical,* with music by Todd Matshikiza, lyrics by Pat Williams and Ralph Trewhela. An Original Cast recording from the London production, featuring Nathan Mdledle, Joseph Mogotsi, Sophie Mgcina, Ben Masinga, Peggy Phango and Lemmy Mabaso; Musical Direction by Stanley Glasser. London 5762 ($4.98); (not available in Stereo).	To most Americans, the name *King Kong* conjures up visions of a mighty ape taking swipes at airplanes from the top of the Empire State Building. In South Africa, though, it has quite a different connotation: King Kong was the ring name of Ezekiel Dhlamini, an illiterate Zulu from Natal who rose to startling heights of popular glory as a boxer, only to drift into gang life and, eventually, murder. Sentenced to life imprisonment, he drowned himself in March 1957. The poignant tale of Dhlamini formed the subject matter of the first important indigenous theatrical venture in South Africa. With music by Todd Matshikiza, *King Kong* played to capacity houses in every major city of the Union (I believe Miriam Makeba was in some of those original productions), and then a native company took the show on an international tour. Recorded by that touring company in London, early in 1961, the album has only recently been released in America, but what a remarkable album it is. The score is uneven and has its weak moments, but it passionately evokes the drama and pathos, the vigor, the vibrant color of township life in Negro South Africa. It also brings to life a new art form, which perhaps can best be described as folk-jazz opera.
8½: Original Soundtrack. Music by Nino Rota. RCA Victor (International) FOC-6 ($4.98); FSO-6 (Stereo) ($5.98).	The musical story of *8½* is quite different. If elements of Federico Fellini's drama have proved puzzling to many filmgoers, Rota's wildly erratic background score is completely incomprehensible (at least to this listener, who has not seen the picture). Rushing back and forth between sleazy, cafe-type music, intentionally derivative symphonic segments, swing-tempo pieces, even some out-and-out rock and roll, the score also contains several snippets of Rossini, Tchaikovsky, Wagner, etc., in more-or-less original instrumentations. It's intriguing, after a fashion, but, divorced from its cinematic home, rather pointless. —ROBERT SHERMAN.

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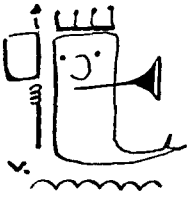
Mozart for Winds

Continued from page 53

his associates. In them, the teamwork between first and second oboes and bassoon solo or accompanying horn, makes for a rarefied kind of musical pleasure not often accomplished by vocalists of far greater worldly fame (and goods).

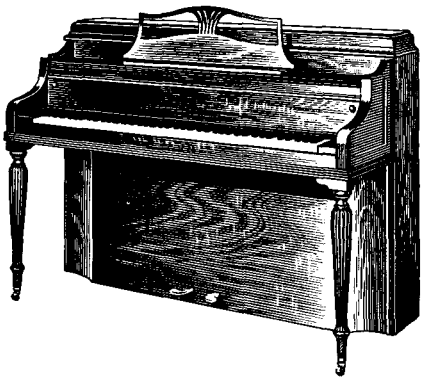
Although the series is not arranged chronologically (phonographic expedience is the inexorable master, with what fits a higher directive than which came first), it is possible, repeatedly, to hear premonitions and portents, as well as echoes and reminiscences, from Mozart's use of the wind band in other, more familiar works. More often than not, the mind reverts to the serenade-opera par excellence (which can be no other than *Così fan tutte*), which clearly finds its sound source in such a work as the C minor Serenade, K.388, for pairs of oboes, clarinets, bassoons, and horns. This is one more proof that, for a composer of Mozart's discrimination, experience is rarely wasted, and some further, general use will be made of a skill he evolved in the solution of a special problem.

So far as comparison with other versions of the big works are concerned (K.361, K.375, K.388), the observation would have to be made that, in the shaping of their slow movements, the



present ensemble is likely to be a shade duller, less personal than a performance presided over by a conductor (such as the Furtwängler or Steinberg versions of K.361). But such loss is more than offset by the gains that accrue from the cleanly musical, unaffectedly direct execution of the fast movements and the minuets.

Doubtless for promotional purposes, the five volume issue bears the title *Complete Wind Music* of Mozart. As Erik Smith's notes (and very good they are, too) suggest, this is a liberty both ways—there are some Mozart works for winds (K.187 and 188) which are excluded because they include timpani or are limited to three instruments, and there are some works included which in all probability are not by Mozart (K.226, 227). We admire Smith's candor as well as his scholarship and applaud him further for the supervision that resulted in the sound of these superb discs. —Irving Kolodin.



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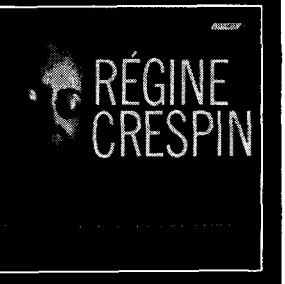

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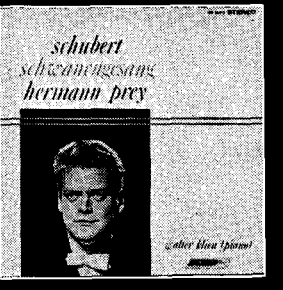

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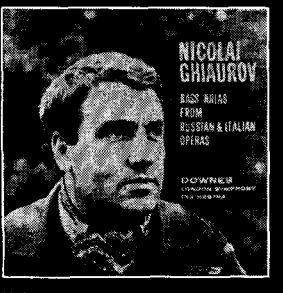

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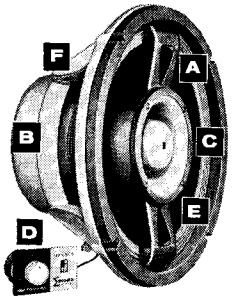

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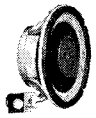

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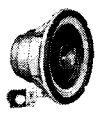

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Sing Along with Bach

By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

THE most revolutionary recording in musical history has just been made. You'll pardon the hyperbole, but I cannot sit by in quiet detachment when the Creative Swingle Singers give us *Bach's Greatest Hits.* Over a percussion accompaniment, these articulate artists enrich thirteen preludes, fugues, and bourrées with sounds that run the lyrical gamut from oo-ahh and pom-pom to papa-dah and dooby-do.

Although I'm not familiar with *all* of Bach's lyrics (much of his work, like Leroy Anderson's, is stronger instrumentally), I happen to know that the Creative Swingle Singers do three of the fugues just as they were done in *New Faces of Brandenburg,* when Hilde Hermann stopped the show with *Mer hahn en neue Oberkeet, ja-ja-ja!* But in spite of this fidelity to the hip spirit of Bach, the Singers *have* taken liberties, especially in the *Air for G String,* whose sublime scla-ba-de-do's transport the soul.

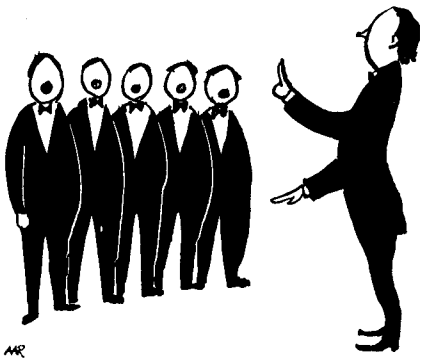
Such liberties may be the breakthrough good music has long needed. For years, men have been condensing, breaking down, and spicing up the classics for culture-loving Americans, for esthetes-on-the-go who want instant Verdi and the meat of Mozart; but such streamlining hasn't been enough. It's not enough to merely present the best tunes from the *B-Minor Mass* or melodies from the soundtrack of *Parsifal.* Classics for today's American must be more than just decomposed: they must be *recomposed* with the magic of words. They must be given something to say.

I first realized this great truth at a concert long ago (and far away). In the middle of the Tchaikovsky piano concerto, I suddenly began singing, "Tonight we love when the . . ." All about me, musical reactionaries were whispering, "Shut up." But I sang on, possessed by a vision of the road American music would have to take if it were to have any meaning for the transistor radio. And as I sang, I was accompanied not by the orchestra before me but by the Ink Spots, whose eloquent recording of this piece had become the B-flat concerto.

Not long after this revelation had broken over me, Tin Pan Alley also realized that all the worthwhile classics were basically pop tunes that had been padded for contemporary tastes; and soon the Hit Parade had not only "Tonight We Love" but also Chopin's "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" (from *Warsaw Scandals of 1843*), Rachmaninoff's "Full Moon and Empty Arms" (from *Steppe Lightly*), and Borodin's "Stranger in Paradise" (from *The Kraft Music Hall*). Unfortunately, Bach never made it. I constantly whistled *Schweigt stille, plaudert nicht* in the shower, but I am ahead of my time.

Now, however, the Creative Swingle Singers have broken free of the saccharine romantics and given us what Dick Clark and I like to call baroque for Americans. Where is this great revolution headed? I got the answer from Maestro Maurice Hickey, whose *Handel for Young Lovers* is the first in a series of works that he hopes will put the entire baroque period in the Top Twenty.

"I'm picking up where Madame Landowska left off," the maestro said. "Had she lived, she would have added the



lyrics next. You see, the man listening to Bach today is not the man who heard him three hundred years ago. *That* man is dead. This is why I'm bringing all those old fashioned masters up to date: so their work won't sound like an anachronism."

"Is Bach the only man you're collaborating with?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I'm also doing *You and the Night and Vivaldi* and *The McGuire Sisters Sing Scarlatti.* But Mister B is my big seller. Next spring I'm bringing out what should be my masterpiece: *The Partita's Over,* a definitive updating of all the catchier fugues. People have *never* been able to sing those fugues right because they just couldn't tell the verse from the chorus."

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The Amen Corner

"JAZZ AT Preservation Hall" is a series of four Atlantic LPs by hardy and lyrical members of the New Orleans old guard, in the same spirit and with many of the same personnel as the previous set of Riverside records called *New Orleans: The Living Legends*. Preservation Hall itself is a Crescent City institution that was opened in 1961 with the laudable notion of keeping veteran jazz musicians at work in music, as well as at the various other jobs which have often furnished most of their income, and of catching fine performances of their music for as long as they are able to play. (One of the bass players present in the new discs, an admirably solid rhythmist named Papa John Joseph, is 89 years old.)

Of the set as a whole it may be said that while some of the music is raw, and there are moments of muddiness and chordal blundering, much of the greater part is charged with a spirit and musical character which I would not trade for any amount of technical finish. The radiance of New Orleans's celebrated holidays is in these horns, and so is the rich melancholy that has long infused the city's syncopation. There are many highlights, both group and individual. Among them is the wonderfully loose-rhythmed and jubilant trumpet of Percy Humphrey as he leads an entire LP by the Eureka Brass Band (Atlantic 1408). Such playing perfectly supports the program note by Thomas Sancton: "To be swept by sheer luck and accident into the second-line of a New Orleans brass band is an experience that can fill the heart with a sense of joy forever . . ." I am also captivated by a performance of Nacio Herb Brown's old, simple, and grandly sentimental "Love Songs of the Nile" by the singer and pianist Billie Pierce, with her husband Joseph De Pierce, trumpet; Louis Nelson, trombone; George Lewis, clarinet; Papa John Joseph, bass; and Abbey Chinee Foster, drums. This is a tune that hangs in my mind like Nacio's other "Oriented fox-trots"—such as "When Buddha Smiles" and "Coral Sea"—and it is presented here with great spontaneity and some lovely interplay among the bandsmen (Atlantic 1409).

The third LP of the series contains programs by the small bands of drummer Paul Barbarin and trumpeter Ernest 'Punch' Miller (Atlantic 1410). Barbarin's music is rousing stuff for a Louisiana prom or any enthusiastic dance hall where the parading instinct has moved indoors. Miller's feeling, on the other hand, is prevailingly blue.

With Miller's band appears again the figure who, if it may be said of any single person, dominates the "Preservation" movement and is one of the great men of jazz history. This is clarinetist George Lewis, New Orleans-born and self-taught. Twenty-one years ago, when he was brought out of obscurity and recorded by Bill Russell and others, he was widely regarded as an antique (he was then only 42). By the time he made his New York debut with the late cornetist Bunk Johnson in 1945, Lewis had the public reputation of a druid stone. Today, in his early sixties, he appears on the "Preservation" discs not only with the Pierce and Miller groups, but also has an entire LP under his aegis (Atlantic 1411), with the assistance of Avery Kid Howard, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; Alcide 'Slow Drag' Pavageau and Papa John Joseph, basses; Emanuel Sayles, banjo; Joe Watkins, drums; and Snookum Russell, piano.

In recent years Lewis has toured England and the Continent with New Orleans bandsmen of his tradition, but this has had no discernible effect on his expression. His is a very rare gift which demands such common terms as tenderness, delicacy and sweetness in the highest sense of the word. It is a delight to hear his liquid and sensitive clarinet in a jazz polyphony, and it is especially moving to hear him solo.

Turning abruptly from veterans to young men in their prime, I come to Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Through various shifts of personnel, they have been one of the most exciting modern jazz bands. They are among those who represent what has seemed to me to be the most valuable of modern jazz directions (in the trade it is often called hard-bop). Disdaining ambitious, large-band designs or chamber musical refinements, they keep alive the old, small band tradition—dynamic, spontaneous, brazenly lyrical—but they do it with a degree of sophistication in rhythms, chordal sequences and improvised lines which was rare before 1940. Blakey's latest LP *Ugetsu* (Riverside RM 464) has himself at the drums; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Wayne Shorter, tenor sax; Cedar Walton, piano; and Reggie Workman, bass. All of the six numbers, except Rodgers & Hart's "I Didn't Know What Time It Was," are by members of the ensemble. They are such a flashing partnership that it would be invidious to single out names. It should be said, however, that their brilliance is strictly musical and has nothing to do with theatrical gloss or exhibitionism. They may be sophisticated, but they sound every inch a jazz band—and that brash term in itself has always conveyed an absence of preciosity, pretentiousness, or what used to be called "side." —WILDER HOBSON.

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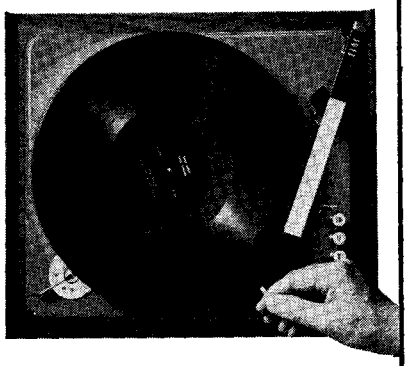

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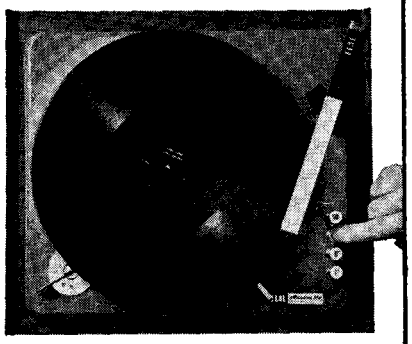

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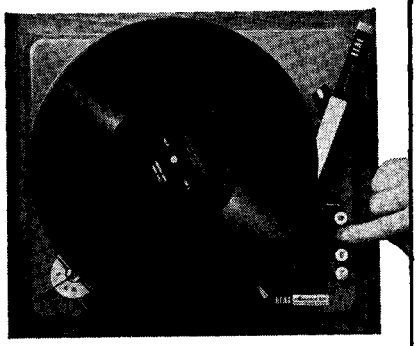

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Opera Recordings

German (*Continued from page* 51)

long stretches; a contralto (Gaea) who can sweep down to a low E with equal majesty and power; a soprano (Daphne) who can penetrate the orchestra with the ease of an Elektra yet still maintain the agility and vocal purity of a Zerbinetta.

Nevertheless, the opera has been staged successfully. This writer has seen it in two different productions in Munich (not to mention an unfortunate concert performance in New York), and in each case the score made its wonted impact, technical blemishes notwithstanding. There is no denying that *Daphne* contains some passages that recall earlier Strauss triumphs, especially *Elektra*, *Rosenkavalier*, and *Ariadne*. But if Daphne's music sounds like Ariadne's, so does the part of Tosca resemble Manon Lescaut. And who complains that Elsa in *Lohengrin* is so close a musical relative to Elisabeth in *Tannhäuser*? Recurring trademarks, *per se*, are seldom disturbing, especially in a score of such over-all freshness and beauty.

At worst, *Daphne* demonstrates only Strauss's incomparable craftsmanship. At its best—as in the heroine's entrance monologue, the Gaea episode, and the final transformation scene—it represents a valid testament to a dying musical language.

The performance reproduced here is taken from a broadcast of the American première in Buenos Aires, ten years after the world première in Dresden under Karl Böhm (to whom the work is dedicated). The sound is definitely low-fi, but, considering the circumstances involved, remarkably satisfying—better, in fact, than that of some similar commercial ventures. And despite a vocal flaw or two, a few regrettable cuts, and an all-too-audible prompter, the recorded performance is magical.

Kleiber supports his singers with extraordinary tact, helping them to make the problem spots seem almost easy. But he never damages the Straussian architecture or lessens tension in the process. Under him, the orchestra (Strauss asked for a modest 81 players, as opposed to 115 in *Elektra*) swells for mighty climaxes and thins down to chamber-music transparency with equal success.

Apart from a few insecure moments, Bampton sings the title role radiantly. In 1948, eleven years after her graduation from the mezzo-soprano ranks, her voice had just the right combination of sweetness and power for this music. What a pity the Metropolitan never did *Ariadne* while she was still there! As Apollo, Svanholm copes masterfully with a nearly impossible assignment (when he wrote this part, Strauss was still getting even with the tenor who supposedly ruined the première of his first opera, *Guntram*), and Dermota provides a refreshing lyric contrast. Weber is superb as Peneios, and Kindermann, unlike most of her successors as Gaea, finds the low notes more congenial than the high ones.

No other *Daphne*, complete or otherwise, is currently available in this country (the old Teschemacher-Ralf-Böhm 78-rpm set has long been a collectors item, and the scenes with Munich's excellent Annelies Kupper were never released here). Nor is a new version likely to be made in the near future. It is doubly gratifying, therefore, that this historic performance has been released, and that its proceeds will benefit so deserving a cause as the Musician's Foundation.

—Martin Bernheimer.

Italian (*Continued from page* 51)

deniable, provided it is given a competent performance, and it gets just that here.

DGG's primary virtues involve two rare elements in *Trovatore* annals: a well-balanced cast that knows the popular traditions but refuses to be bound by them, and a no-nonsense conductor who can translate years of experience into valid music making, even in the most hackneyed passages. Serafin seems to think of *Trovatore*—Anvil Chorus and all—as a really vital, stylistically consistent whole, not as a string of set pieces with *oom-pah-pah* accompaniments. He never permits his singers to disfigure the line with mannerisms or smudge the emotions with undue sentimentality. Unlike Karajan, he is content to let the orchestra be a secondary force when this is appropriate, but he surprises us with subtle instrumental touches when these are least expected. In fact, Serafin succeeds in demonstrating just how much drama there can be in the *Travatore* orchestra, and how it points the way, on occasion, to the finer Verdian textures of *Otello* and *Falstaff*.

One wishes Serafin had been generous in opening the standard cuts as Karajan was, for the Italian conductor has singers at his disposal better equipped to cope with the missing passages. The only restorations, however, are Leonora's conventional but brilliant cabaletta, "Tu verdrai che amore," after the "Miserere," and the little bridal chamber duet, which has become more or less standard anyhow.

Practically all the Leonoras on LP (Callas, Price, Milanov, Mancini, and

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Tebaldi) offer a stronger characterizations than does Stella. But the latter sings the role here with a far more reliable technique and a more even scale than one could expect from her at the Met a few seasons ago. Despite a weak trill, a less than shimmering pianissimo, and a number of high notes taken in the optional lower octave, Stella's performance is musicianly and tasteful. Hers may not be a definitive Leonora, by any means, but it never lets Serafin—or Verdi—down.

The same limited praise might be applied to Bergonzi's Manrico, were it not so elegantly phrased, so sensitively shaded. The tenor's limitations in terms of the robust moments (i.e. "Di quella pira") are less apparent to the microphone than to the opera-house listener. On records, Bergonzi even manages a resounding (if thin) high C at the end of his stretta, for which he lunges, by the way, *after* the chorus has completed its lines. And, unlike Tucker in the second RCA version—or himself at the Metropolitan, if memory serves correctly—he manages this obstacle-course aria without recourse to a downward transposition.

If the lightweight Bergonzi is, by nature, unsuited to Manrico, the casting is made more plausible by the fact that DGG has found him an equally light-voiced and equally artistic stage mother in Fiorenza Cossotto. It is not her fault that she sounds neither so rough nor so worn as the traditional Azucenas, for she is neither a contralto nor a veteran of many onstage gypsy camps. Her warm, pliant mezzo is employed here with becoming flexibility and restraint; another decade or so in the role might make her a first class exponent of it.

Bastianini, on the other hand, seems to have missed his chance to be a first class Di Luna. In the ten years since his initial appearance at the Met, he has shouted much of the velvet from his vocal chords, and, unfortunately, has not learned how to use his voice as a dramatic instrument for compensation. There are still some striking isolated moments in his performance, but little *bel canto* and even less Di Luna. For his part, Vinco (Cossotto's husband) shows how rather ordinary resources can be used to optimum effect, in the limited opportunities of Ferrando.

DGG's stereo sound is brilliant and, even better, free from unwarranted separation gimmicks. The accompanying booklet has little background information on the opera, and none on the singers; but, if anyone cares, the libretto is in French and German as well as Italian and English. —M. B.

French (*Continued from page* 50)

stricted, toneless—is barely recognizable as the voice that was. As Escamillo, Tom Krause can manage well enough with the "Toreador Song." In Act III, he gets into deeper water than he can tread (vocally), in the episode with Don José. Joan Sutherland's Micaela is a pretty return courtesy for the company which has done so much on her behalf, but the effort suggests that Sieglinde has somehow gotten into Seville. She does, in the Act III duet with José ("Là bas est la chaumière"), some singing worthy of her reputation, but she never at any time suggests the fragile, demure country girl of the text.

This is all the more depressing because Schippers's conducting here is his best I have heard, on or off records. His touch is light when it should be (especially in the choruses of Act I), the pace invariably good, the dramatic content forcefully projected. Considering the kind of vocal resources his cast commands, it would have been interesting to hear them in the original edition, with spoken dialogue. What is offered, of course, is the customary opera-house score, with the recitatives of Ernest Guiraud. The Orchestre de la Suisse Romande plays the score superbly, and the recording (Geneva) is very good. —I. K.

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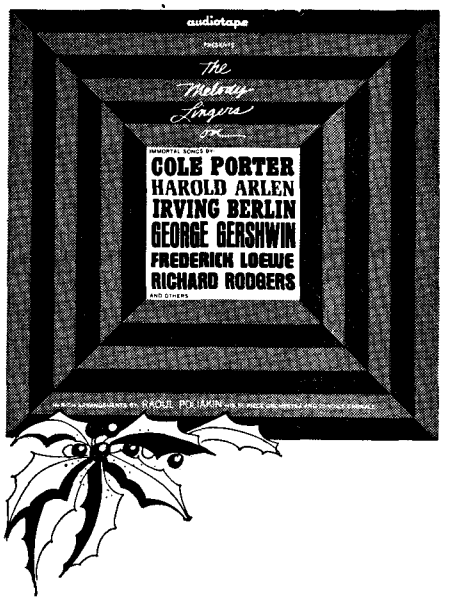

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The Other Side

Birthday for Britten

LONDON.

THIS month musical Britain celebrates a very special anniversary: that most musical Briton, Benjamin Britten, was born at Lowestoft, Suffolk, on November 22, 1913. Mark the date, for November 22 is also the feast-day of St. Cecilia, patron saint of music. Has any man more richly justified his choice of birthday? Seriously, it is difficult to think of the boyish and still prodigiously creative Britten as having attained middle-aged respectability, and I suspect that he will remain young in heart for decades.

Among all the special tributes to Britten now being prepared—including a concert presentation of his Coronation opera, *Gloriana,* and the first Festival Hall performance of the *War Requiem*—new recordings are surprisingly absent. However, it is fair to say that, with the exception of Stravinsky, Britten is better represented on discs than any other living composer. This happy state of affairs is largely due to the efforts of Decca and its associate labels, which have given us notable recordings of the *Requiem*, *Peter Grimes,* the *Spring Symphony*, *Noye's Fludde* and the Three Canticles—to mention only a few of the finest.

Yet there are still sizeable gaps to be filled, notably in Britten's operatic output: the once-proposed recording of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has so far failed to materialize; *Billy Budd*, *Albert Herring* and *The Beggar's Opera* have never been committed to disc, despite their international successes. *The Rape of Lucretia* has been unrepresented in the catalogue since the disappearance of HMV's abbreviated 78 rpm set.

But this autumn Decca has given us at least the *Hölderlin Fragments*, while the Second String Quartet—with its remarkable, Purcell-influenced Chaconne finale—has lately appeared in a splendid Argo recording by the Amadeus Quartet, coupled with Quartet No. 2 by the gifted Peter Racine Fricker. But perhaps most welcome of all is the news that a *Winterreise* recording by Peter Pears and Britten is on its way, thus rounding off an *annus mirabilis* for Schubert's greatest song-cycle, with three outstanding recordings (Hotter-Werba, Souzay-Baldwin, and Fischer-Dieskau-Moore) already issued.

Covent Garden's birthday tribute to Britten will come later in the season with revivals of *Billy Budd* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; meanwhile, *Peter Grimes* has returned to its original home, Sadler's Wells, where it was first seen in 1945. Thanks to an excellent new production, the work's impact is as powerful and moving as ever; its enduring qualities stand out plainly now.

Quite a few Decca-group November releases have been delayed by recent labor troubles in its factory, among them the new RCA *Tosca* and a Liszt recital by Clifford Curzon (including the B-minor Sonata). Records that arrived on time include the third volume of the series devoted to Mozart's music for wind ensemble and the second disc in Ansermet's set of the Brahms symphonies. The latter is appearing in reverse order; the present issue features a pleasing and thoughtful reading of the Third Symphony, together with a rather lacklustre account of the *St. Anthony Variations*—both of them exceptionally well recorded. The Mozart disc contains a single work, the great B-flat Serenade, K.361, beautifully played by thirteen of our finest wind instrumentalists (including a contra-bassoon—not a string bass, as is sometimes the case in this work). There are moments, however, where one misses the unifying influence of a conductor. My choice would have been Colin Davis, who this month contributes a most attractive Oiseau-Lyre coupling of works by Stravinsky: the 1952 Cantata (in which Alexander Young and Patricia Kern are admirable soloists) and the lovely Mass of 1948.

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Beethoven and Schubert to Gilbert and Sullivan and Lewis Carroll. The Beethoven means a further installment in the reissue of the Piano Sonatas performed by Schnabel (two discs this month, covering Op. 13, 14, 22 and 26). Schubert is nobly represented by the Fischer-Dieskau-Moore *Winterreise*—on balance the finest of this autumn's three new versions—and Richter's outstanding coupling of the *Wanderer Fantasie* and the Sonata in A, D.664, one of the best recordings the great Russian pianist has yet given us. Barbirolli, conducting the Philharmonia, continues his current Elgar cycle with a rousing account of the *Cockaigne Overture* and a warmly expressive, but slightly sentimentalized performance of the popular *Enigma Variations*.

THE same orchestra, this time under Georges Prêtre, also contributes the first recordings of Shostakovich's Twelfth Symphony—a highly characteristic, at times rather bombastic, score commemorating the October Revolution—with the brief *Festival Overture* of 1954 added for good measure. On another disc, conducted by Paul Kletzki, it is joined by Christian Ferras and Paul Tortelier in an affectionate, but not truly distinguished performance of the Brahms Double Concerto.

Judging by the vast number of such records which have appeared during recent months, the demand for opera highlights must be booming as never before. HMV has produced quite a few such discs, extracted from complete opera recordings in its catalogue, but this month we are offered two highly attractive German-made selections not, apparently, derived from integral sets of the operas in question. One of these is devoted to excerpts from Tchaikovsky's *Eugen Onegin* and *Queen of Spades*. The other contains a generous measure of arias and ensembles from Flotow's *Martha*. Russian opera sung in German may not suit everyone's taste, especially those outside German-speaking countries, but when the artists in question include some of Germany's best, such as Fritz Wunderlich (Lensky-Hermann), Melitta Muszely (Tatiana-Lisa), Hermann Prey (Onegin-Yeletzky) and Gottlob Frick (Gremin), the Tchaikovsky disc is good enough to transcend language barriers. The *Onegin* side, incidentally, does not include Tatiana's Letter Scene, confining itself to the Duel Scene (prefaced by Lensky's aria) and excerpts from the last act. The *Martha* selection is, if anything, even more attractive, with Wunderlich giving a beautifully stylish account of the famous tenor air and Frick contributing a lusty Porter Song. The charming and talented Anneliese Rothenberger is an excellent Lady Harriet (alias Martha). —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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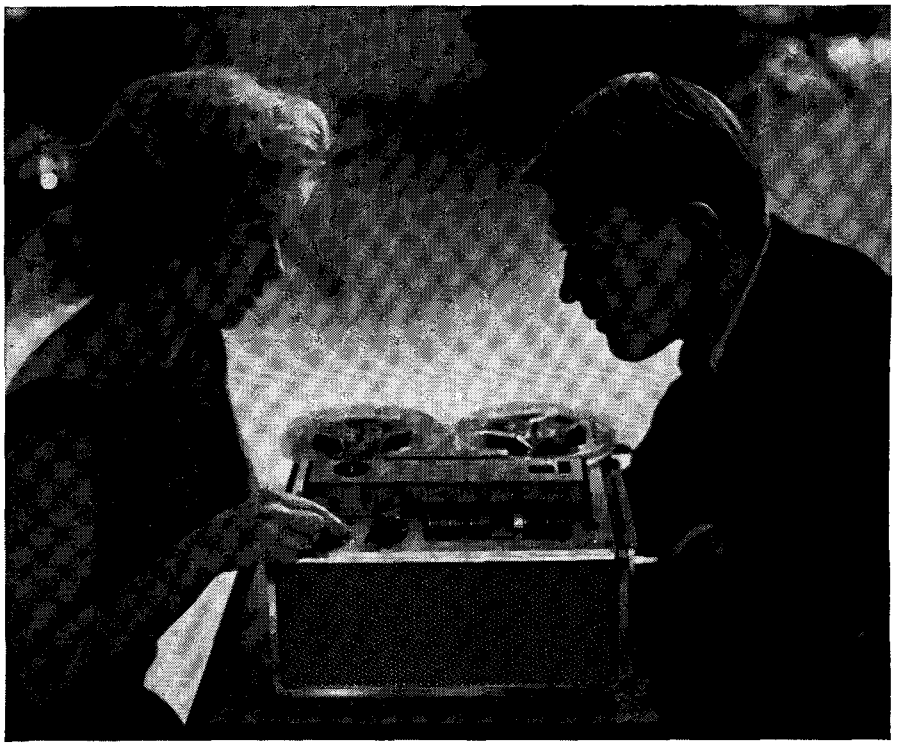

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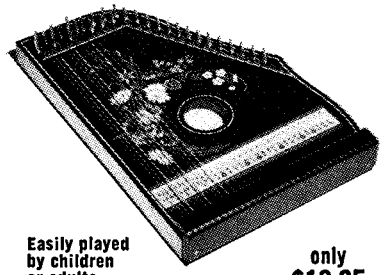

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LETTERS TO THE

RECORDINGS EDITOR

Karajan on Furtwaengler

I ENJOYED THE "Conversation with von Karajan" [*SR*, Oct. 26], especially the part dealing with Wilhelm Furtwängler. Any information about the art of this great musician and conductor is always welcome. I was particularly intrigued where von Karajan says of Furtwängler that he "divided the responsibility for the interpretation between himself and the orchestra. Under him the Berlin Philharmonic learned to make music in the way that a string quartet does . . . forcing the orchestra to take the initiative and to make its own decisions in changing from one episode to the next." Most Americans are ignorant of the way Furtwängler worked with an orchestra in order to produce the uniquely marvelous results he did. I would love to read in your magazine more about his special art.

EUGENE KASKEY.

New York, N.Y.

Steinberg Pro

MICHAEL STEINBERG MADE sound and correct observations in his review of Dr. Otto Klemperer's recent recording of Johann Sebastian Bach's six Brandenburg Concerti [*SR*, Oct. 26]. Dr. Klemperer lacks the gusto, expression, and imagination needed to record this set of concerti. He uses modern instruments in place of antique instruments. This ruins part of the effect of Concerti Nos. 1, 2, 6.

I am, however, inclined to believe that Mr. Steinberg is a little too harsh in his statement that Dr. Klemperer's conservative attitude toward the continuo harpsichord part ruins George Malcolm's playing. Mr. Malcolm's phrasing is poor, his registrations, in some instances, are out-of-place, and his runs are often wilted. This cannot entirely be the fault of Dr. Klemperer, although he does force Mr. Malcolm to underplay the cadenza in the Fifth Concerto in D Major. This is apparently done to keep the harpsichord from outshining the other instruments, a definite and evident mistake in interpretation.

To me, Dr. Klemperer is a masterful interpreter of Beethoven, Wagner, and Brahms, but he lacks the imagination and flexibility needed to record the Brandenburgs. Personally, I would prefer the more Bach-and-baroque-minded recordings of Yehudi Menuhin, Paul Sacher (a recording withdrawn unfortunately), and Karl Münchinger's recording as re-released by Richmond.

TERI NOEL TOWE.

Old Deerfield, Mass.

Steinberg Con

MICHAEL STEINBERG'S REVIEW of Brandenburgs by Klemperer is a classic example of what a record review should not be. After reading it, one wonders how a single album of records could contain so much "good and bad" until one goes to the records and allows Dr. Klemperer and the Philharmonia to speak for themselves. Those of us who have listened for ourselves need no convincing by the likes of Steinberg that Dr. Klemperer has given us a definitive interpretation. . . .

Until Steinberg records his readings of Brandenburg, I for one will continue to treasure Dr. Klemperer's.

ALLAN C. BURT.

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JOHN DUNKEL,

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR is investigating and will report.*

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 44

singing-acting talents than in any prior part. It is not yet his best role—great Dons are made, and remade, not born. But in terms of its challenge, Tozzi is impressively close to mastery of a part that tempts many but succumbs to few. His delivery of the music is beautiful, the most beautiful, on the whole, since Pinza's. This relates more to the sustained line than to the *recitativo secco*, which should go more easily as he develops playing time. But there is always beauty in the vocal formulation, suppleness in the phrasing, a consistent throb of color. His makeup casts a vote for experience over youth, but there is room within that pictorial range for somewhat more nervous tension, for the compulsion to lust, rather than merely the interest in it, which must flow from the Don into the women with whom he comes in contact. Rosenstock's settled pace was jogged a little now and then by Tozzi's preferences (especially in "Finch' han dal vino"), but the conductor coordinated well the cast changes that brought Jeanette Scovotti's first Zerlina, Lisa Della Casa as Elvira and Ezio Flagello as Leporello.

A young soprano of more than average promise joined the file of Metropolitan Mimis with the debut of Nicoletta Panni, granddaughter of the illustrious Giuseppe De Luca. Her good schooling was apparent from the floated "Scusi" from offstage even before she came into view, and the promise in this liquid sound, in which the word and the tone are one, was pleasantly fulfilled by the modesty and discipline with which she developed her afternoon's effort. It is a light sound and smallish, but it seems to have (like Sayao's, for example) the purity to penetrate the auditorium.

John Alexander made a fine success of his first Rodolfo anywhere, a task thrust upon him by the *crise de tenori* the Metropolitan is currently undergoing. He raised a springy young tenor in an appealingly fresh treatment of Puccini's music, and gave a welcome touch of youth to the person of Rodolfo. Thus far his action suggests more likeness to Eddie Albert as a Bohemian than, say, Eugen d'Albert, but this is subject to improvement, certainly. There was more occasion for skepticism in the Musetta of Janet Pavek. Allowing for the strains of a debut, Miss Pavek's vocal endowment sounded more limited than even the average Musetta's. Isn't it time, incidentally, that the flourishing Café Momus ("Never an empty table") could afford a menu of its own rather than offering the customers one reading, all too plainly, "Athens, Olympic"?

—Irving Kolodin.

Orchestras

ALTHOUGH Schubert's massive Ninth Symphony is not exactly neglected these days, opportunities to hear it twice in a single week in vastly different performances are as rare as they are rewarding. Such an opportunity came recently when William Steinberg played it one way with his Pittsburgh Symphony at Carnegie Hall, while Josef Krips exercised his prerogative for "equal time" with another approach at the Philharmonic. Fortunately for Schubert, a competition was implied, but there were no losers.

Whether one preferred Steinberg to Krips or vice versa depended largely on whether one preferred muscular to graceful Schubert. The Pittsburgh performance, most persuasive in the Finale, was broad, vital, and generally serious. Unlike Krips, Steinberg found little humor in the Scherzo, and he placed relatively little value on "secondary" details. On the other hand, he clearly appreciated the revolutionary musical qualities involved, and stressed them impressively. That it was a valid reading is certain; that it also was a subjective one was demonstrated by Krips, whose lighter, more sensitive, and equally convincing version was heard the following day. Krips found a good deal more charm in the slow movement, and, in general, underscored the conventional elements, just as Steinberg had the radical ones. Both orchestras responded like the virtuoso ensembles they can be.

The Pittsburghers preceded their all-Schubert concert with a Wagner-Strauss evening—not one of their best. The stop-and-go programming (three preludes, a tone poem, and *Salome's Dance*) proved as uninspired as much of the playing. There was fleeting interest, however, in Wagner's seldom-heard *Faust Overture*, a minor masterpiece in the true sense, and in the *Tristan Vorspiel*. Wagner's own concert ending of the latter sounded surprisingly unimaginative, even sentimental, and, as an orchestral resolution, less satisfying than the traditionally-performed *Liebestod*.

Zara Nelsova's ladylike, restrained cello impersonation of *Don Quixote* gave the evening its strongest impulse. The next night, Nelsova's husband, pianist Grant Johannesen, did his best to minimize the pomposity of the *Wanderer Fantasy* in Liszt's transcription.

In the first half of *his* Schubert-dominated program, Krips revealed uncommon refinement when it comes to matters of stylistic balance. For Haydn's *Surprise* Symphony, he effectively reduced the orchestra's size, but not its élan. And his manipulation of instrumental color was as subtle in Haydn as it proved bold in Strauss (*Till Eulenspiegel*).

—Martin Bernheimer.

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BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Exciting house, magnificent setting. Completely private, 20 acres. Sea views from three sides. 2 complete bedrooms, living-studio room, modern kitchen, bath, beautiful loggia for dining, 60' terrace. 40 minutes from San Juan. Photographs. Box E-441.

FOR RENT: 5 bedroom large house in England, 10 miles Oxford. 45 train minutes London. Central heating; acre garden lawn. Help available. $200 a month. Box E-904.

(Continued on page 70)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 69)

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

AVERSE TO thin walls, low ceilings, tiny rooms? Spacious, sunny, quiet, 12 room duplex co-op for sale. Top 2 floors of large, older apartment building, East 60's, Manhattan. 3 exposures, large rooms, fireplaces, modern kitchen. Box E-792.

APARTMENT WANTED

QUIET COUPLE returning to New York January 1st, 1964 after 20 years in Far East requires unfurnished apartment Manhattan, 3 bedrooms, 2 or 3 baths, for 2 years from February 1st, 1964, approximately. Box E-780.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

RIGHT IN THE CENTER. 16 popular ski slopes within an hour's drive. Build on open or wooded acreage adjoining small highland lake. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

MAINE REAL ESTATE. Acreage . . . Hunting Camps . . . Lake Property . . . Retirement Homes . . . Business Opportunities . . . Summer Property. Franklin Realty Co., Farmington, Maine. Telephone 778-2852.

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FOR THE TALENTED: Music, Dance, Arts, Drama, Folk Dance, Folk Music. Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

PARENTS INTERESTED in summer program helping teenagers develop effective work habits, confident human relations and discriminating use of leisure, write: Shaker Village, Box 1149S, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT HOTEL with the finest to offer in year-round living, low rates. The Manor Retirement Hotel, Asheville, North Carolina.

RETIRING? Work or play on the tranquil shores of beautiful Lake Chapala in Mexico. Lakeside lots $3,000 to $3,500. Golfing, boating, swimming, riding, duplicate bridge, chess. Acknowledged one of the world's five finest year-round climates. Inexpensive living, low taxes, servants, lights, water. Join the hundreds of creative Americans enjoying living at its best. Basic building costs $3.25 sq. ft. We're so sure we offer one round trip tourist air fare from anywhere continental US to inspect, if you buy. For brochure write Fraccionamiento Tio Domingo, Ajijic, Jalisco, Mexico.

VACATIONS

NOTHING TO OFFER but gracious living at the beautiful ALABAMA HOTEL in Winter Park, Florida. Spacious tropical park bordering scenic Lake Maitland, making out-of-doors living a delight. Every opportunity to enjoy Central Florida and the unsurpassed winter climate to the fullest. Cultural, private club atmosphere. American Plan. $14 to $24. Inquire about special rates for year-round occupancy.

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American Plan. $11 to $15 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona.

VACATIONS

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

IN FT. LAUDERDALE, take FRENCH LEAVE! Efficiencies, bedroom apartments, TV. Pool, Private beach. FREE Color Brochure. Write: FRENCH LEAVE, 4228 Ocean Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Christmas! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Skiing, skating and tobogganing.

FAMILY CHRISTMAS at Windham Hill Farm.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Open fires, snug beds, food aplenty. Brochure.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

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FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquillity of casual beach life, write THE FIELDS for literature about their delightful COLONY BEACH RESORT, on Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

DO. Plane, train, or bus. We don't care what you come on . . . but come on! Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N.J. If within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

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LOW COST College and Pre-college Study Tour Programs, including French and Spanish Language, European or Latin American Politics and Economics, Italian Art Seminar—all programs feature study and travel. Write: U.S. National Student Association, Dept. SRB, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

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THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath. Singles from $6, doubles from $10. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YU 6-8800.

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EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath: free swimming pool: family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

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NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of town. Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. D-1, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single studio rooms, private bath, weekly $26 up, singles daily $7 up, doubles $11 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

YUCATAN ECONOMY HOLIDAY from New York, December 28th—January 6th. Escorted. Exclusive. Terrific surprises. Medine's, 295 Main Street, Farmingdale, N.Y. Itinerary sent. Hurry! Limited!

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1547

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. An "art" of Grandma's time involving designs produced by burning with a hot needle on wood, leather, etc.

B. The medium-sized sea turtle, whose flesh is never eaten, but which is valuable for its superior tortoise shell.

C. Fiber from a thick East Indian stalk, used for cotton bagging, etc. (2 wds.).

D. Pushing or shoving away with force.

E. Track specialty of Hayes Jones and Jerry Tarr (2 wds.).

F. Sturdy cloth, orig. from China, made from a brownish-yellow cotton.

G. Word expressing almost exactly the same idea as some other one (former popular sp.).

H. Should (2 wds.).

I. Negative euphemism implying that something is unattractive to look at (2 wds.).

J. Weak meson, neither the *pi* nor the *mu* (WNI 3rd ed.).

K. How the conqueror of the Jabberwock stood as he rested by the Tumtum tree (2 wds.).

WORDS

199 45 108 54 13 142 193 42 57 117

105 170 55 33 113 76 43 125

136 119 51 109 25 101 10 202 79

63 198 162 11 153 99 185 138 173 31 77 6

7 34 78 163 189 37 91 67 184 80 72

64 24 35 187 210 82 168

211 201 17 46 165 183 146 22

69 3 36 87 18 95 93

94 4 200 204 181 137 86 1

50 133 47 8 59 207 143 151 2

154 182 56 96 100 159 169 180 139

DEFINITIONS

L. Used in laughing.

M. Three wds. meaning, when followed by *house*, the father of a family; followed by *class*, the leader in academic standing; etc.

N. Dextrally (3 wds.).

O. Relic of some period earlier than the present.

P. Remarkable; deserving of special attention.

Q. Became gradually visible or manifest.

R. Orchestra as reduced in personnel, suitable for playing salon music, etc. (WNI, 3rd ed.).

S. Concisely (2 wds.).

T. Resembling one of the important fluids of the body.

U. Equal odds in betting (2 wds.).

V. Excess of income over expenditure, esp. in a business (2 wds).

W. Any bird of the Old World genus *Pyrrhocorax*.

X. Cilium.

WORDS

128 196 124 90 206 68 164 32

144 175 123 172 19 29 188 23 88

197 147 104 75 40 70 84 98 203 179

114 62 131 127 118 5 58

53 112 27 149 152 49 160 121 73 191

48 135 209 60 155 12 110 92 103

61 157 205 39 132 141 176 145 20 15 97

120 171 115 126 167 156 140

116 107 192 38 129 208 178 52 122

106 81 65 102 148 158 9 44 89

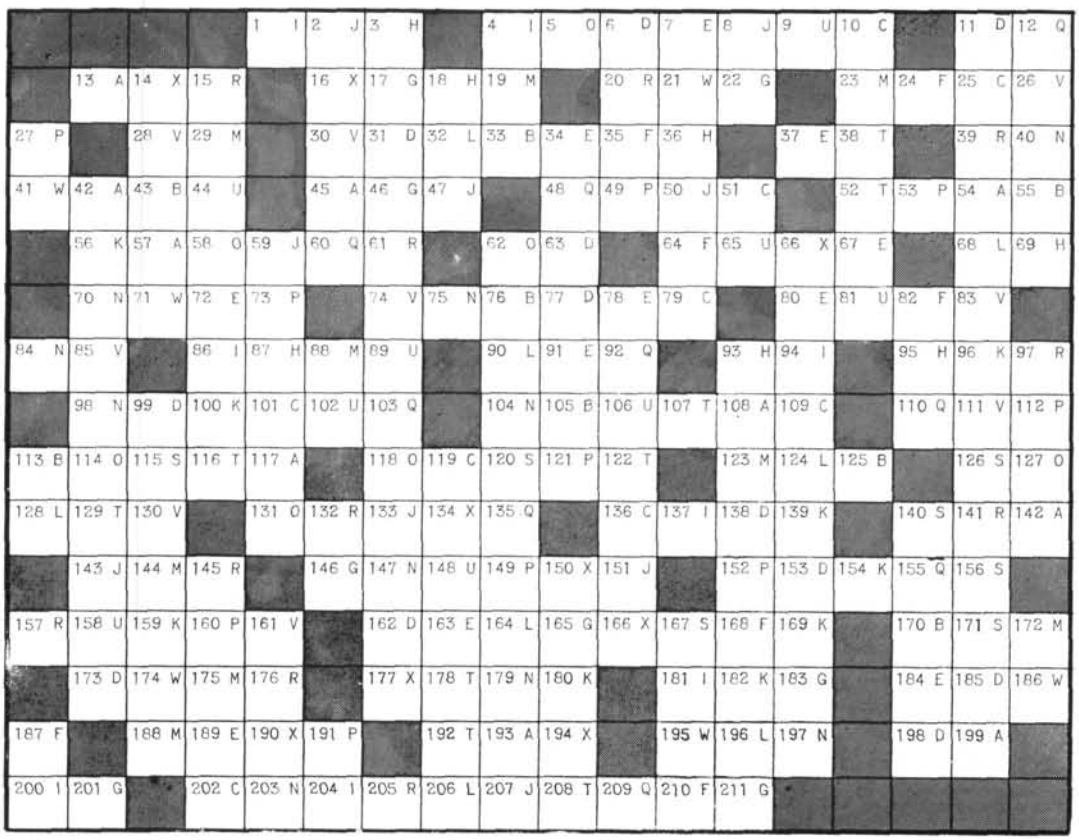
83 161 130 30 111 28 85 26 74

186 174 41 71 195 21

14 194 190 177 16 150 166 66 134

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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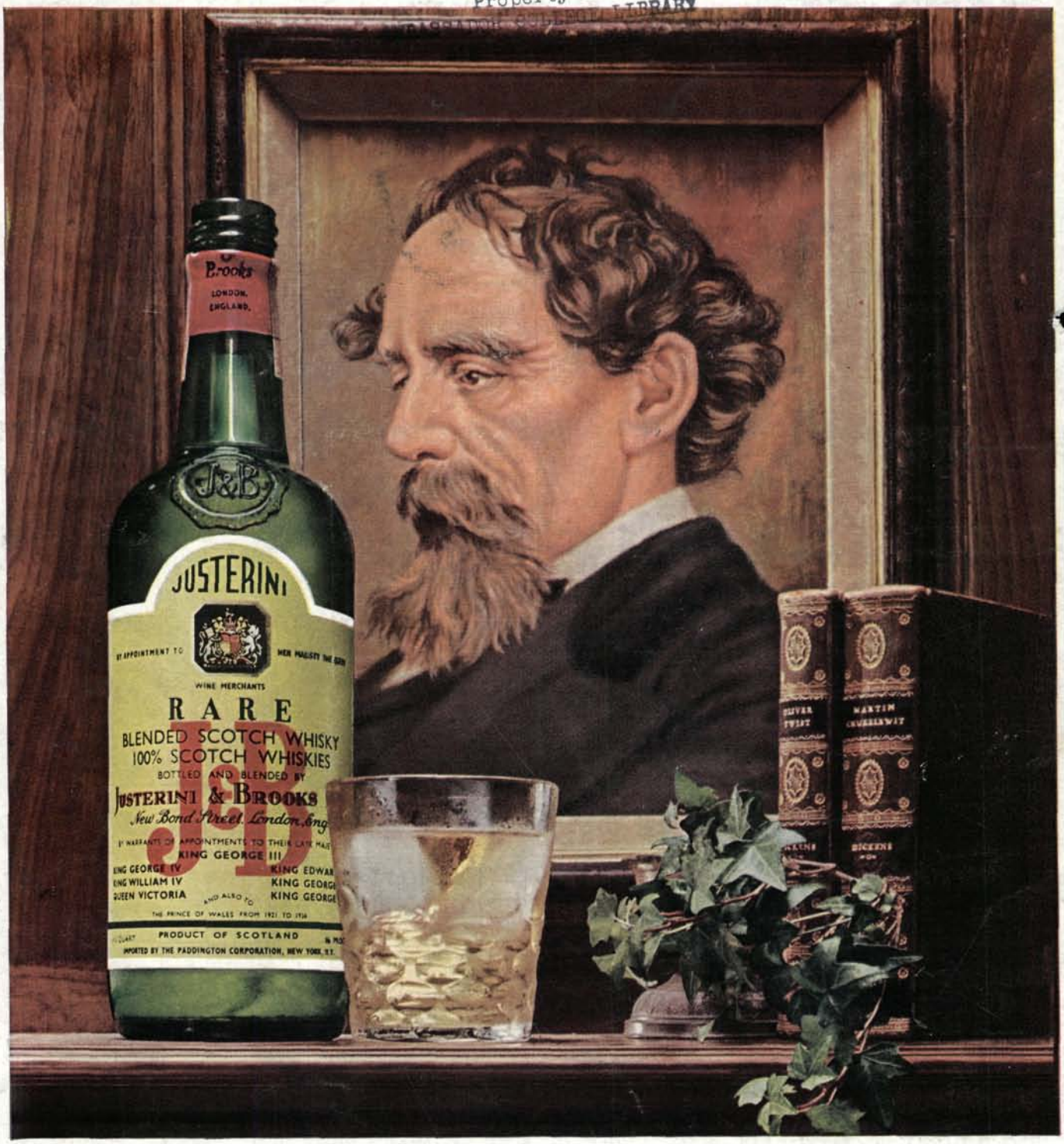

"...leave the bottle on the chimleypiece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put it to my lips when I am so dispoged."

— from Martin Chuzzlewit by Charles Dickens, eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks

For more than two centuries, history's great and near-great, including the immortal Charles Dickens, have looked to the house of Justerini & Brooks for the finest in wines and spirits. The discerning today also turn to J&B for the memorable in scotch whisky. Try J&B Rare yourself. Flavour unsurpassed.

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